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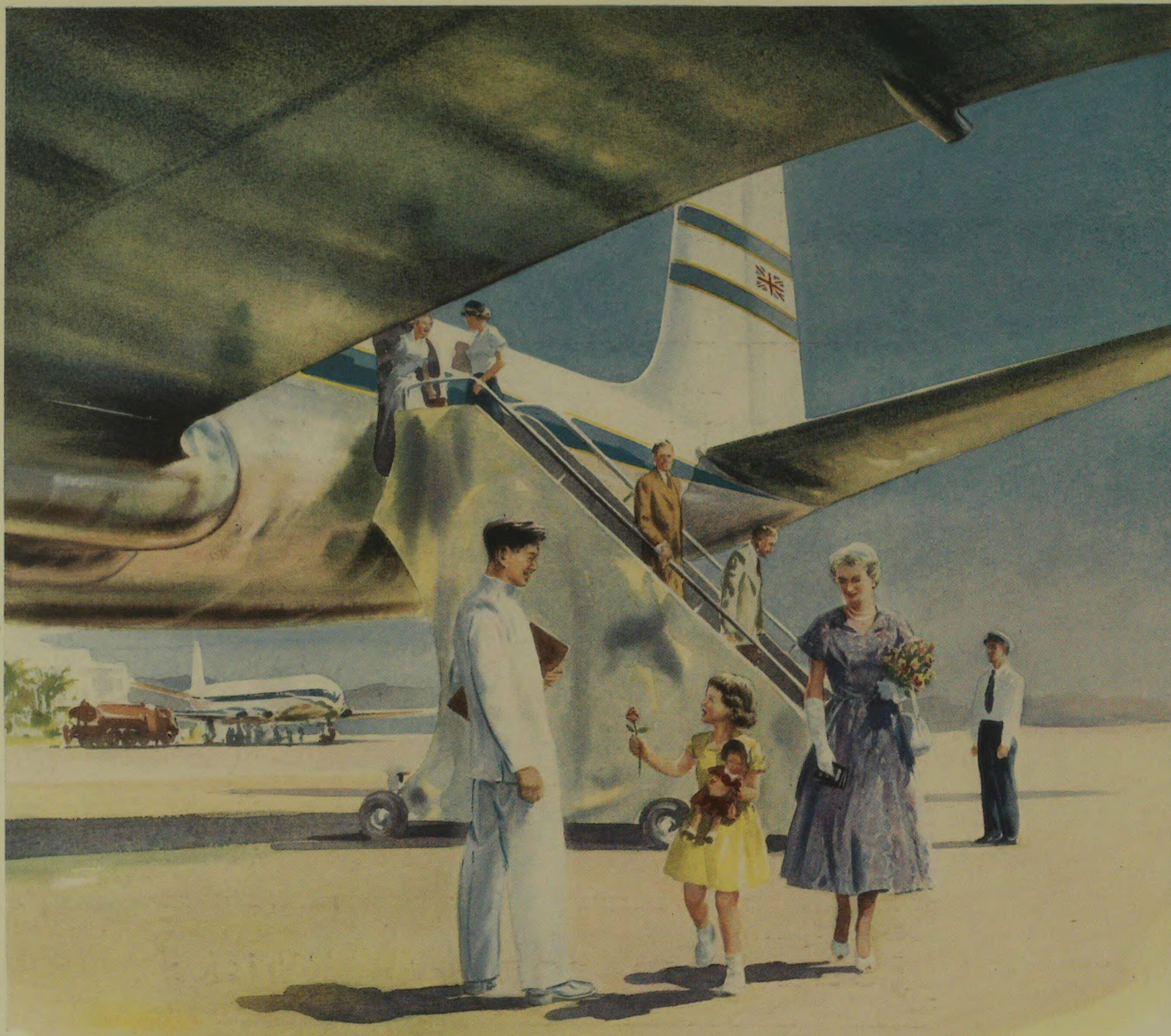
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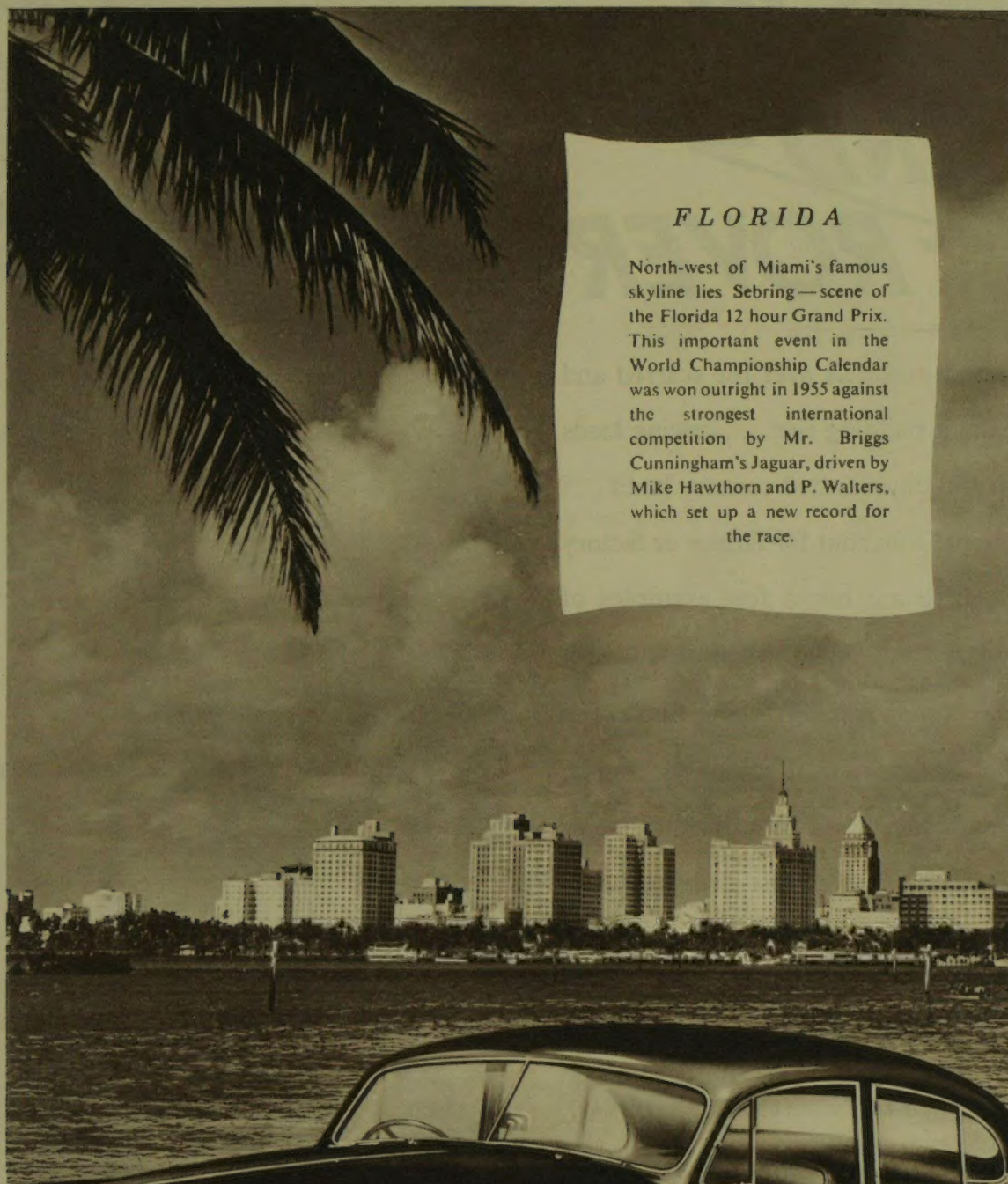
will surpass every other aircraft for world travel

Cruising at 500 miles an hour in an atmosphere of incomparable comfort with a smoothness and quietude hitherto unexampled the Comet passenger will fly the great intercontinental stages of the world in a few hours. Jet speed shortens the journey and jet smoothness makes it seem shorter still—one arrives without the feeling of having travelled.

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86" Wheelbase Standard Model with detachable hood and side screens.

Photos by courtesy of the R.T.S.C. Group.

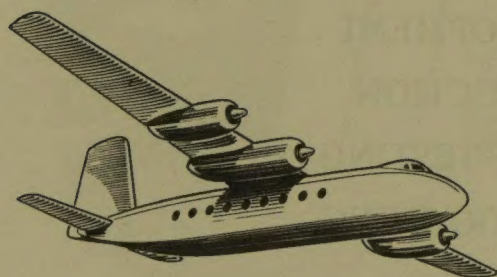
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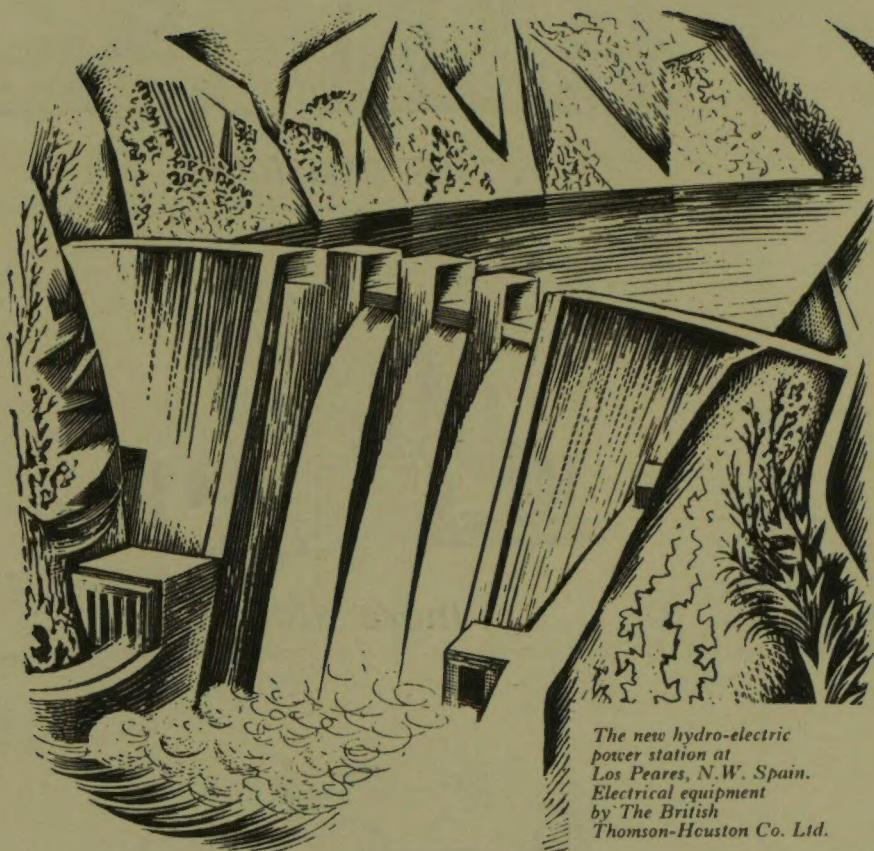
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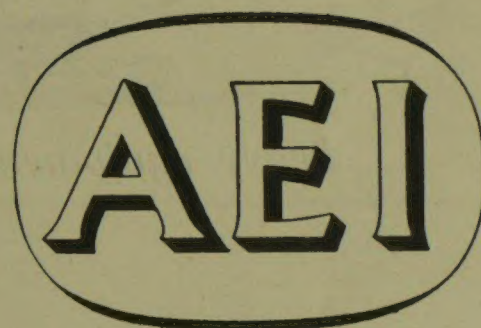
Which ever way you go





The new hydro-electric power station at Los Peares, N.W. Spain. Electrical equipment by The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.

HIGH & LOW



At the coal face — a coal cutter, powered by a Metropolitan-Vickers flameproof motor.



eric fraser

Up in the hills of Los Peares is the biggest and most important of the power stations of Spain. Its electrical equipment was supplied by The British Thomson-Houston Company, one of the great partnership of British Companies which is Associated Electrical Industries Ltd.

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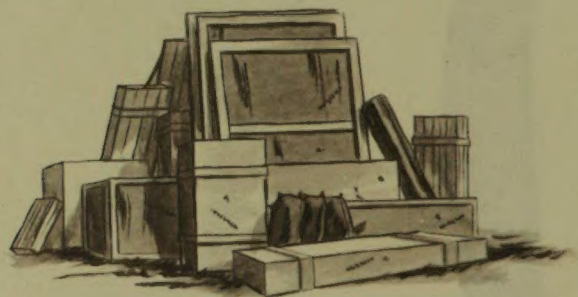
Take



... a Constructional Engineer ...



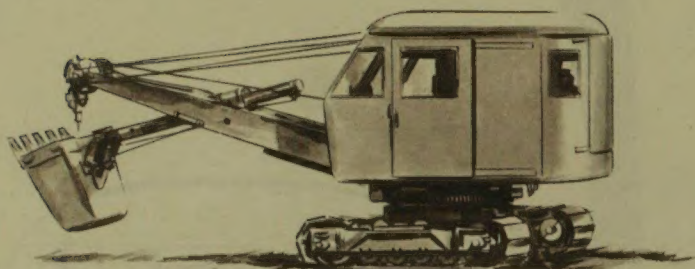
... his assistants ...



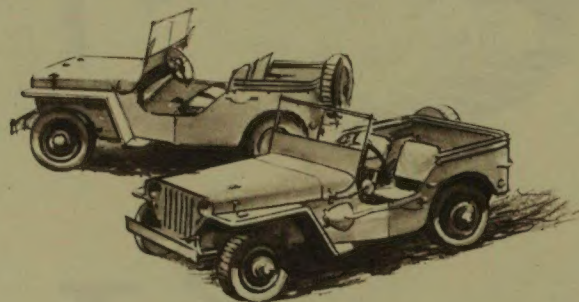
... stores ...



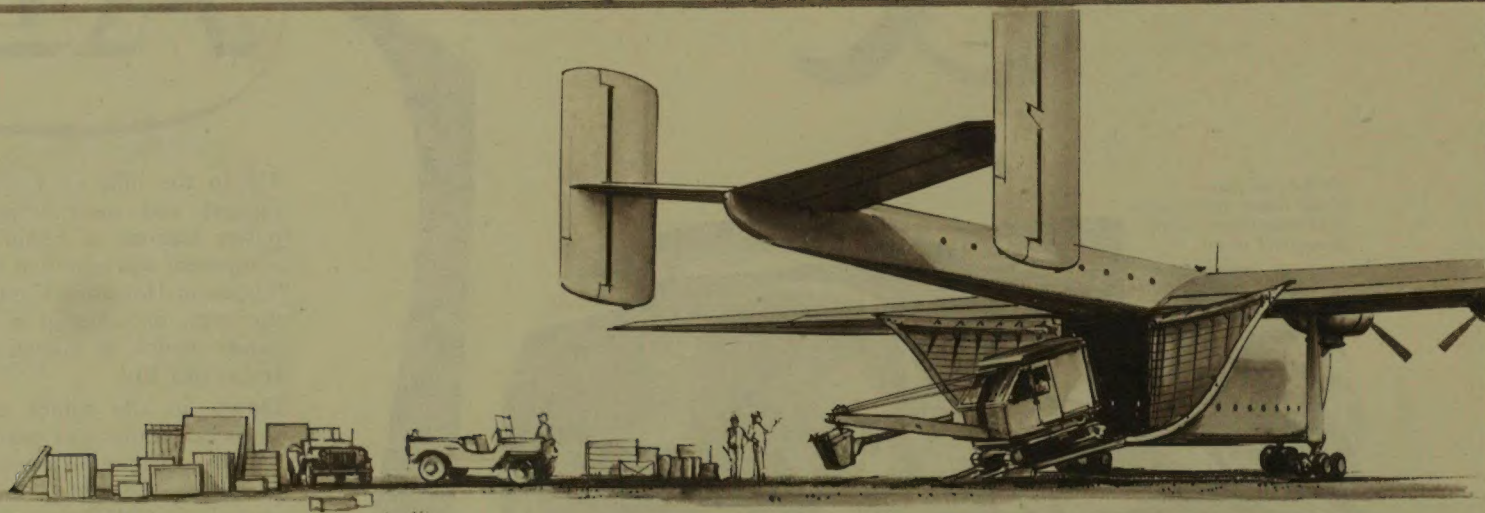
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1955.



AN ATONEMENT FOR THE MASSACRE OF OUED ZEM: MOROCCAN TRIBESMEN AT A CEREMONY OF SUBMISSION TO GENERAL FRANCHI (RIGHT), THE FRENCH MILITARY COMMANDER OF CASABLANCA.

On August 26 the Moroccan tribesmen and their chiefs, who had been responsible for the ghastly massacre at Oued Zem in which more than seventy Europeans were killed and mutilated, took part in a traditional "aman" or pardon ceremony. In all, between 20,000 and 25,000 men of the Smaala tribal confederation came in from the hills to a point about five miles north of Oued Zem. General Franchi,

military commander of Casablanca, addressed the tribesmen in the sternest terms and after giving a number of warnings said that he would grant the "aman," but all who had been guilty of the massacre would be punished pitilessly, adding "Do not do it again or you will be destroyed." After this, fifteen bulls were sacrificed by the caids and the tribesmen given ten days to restore all stolen arms.



AT KHOURIGBA, WHERE THE IMPORTANT PHOSPHATE WORKS WERE DESTROYED BY RIOTERS: A MOROCCAN SOLDIER STANDING GUARD OVER A NUMBER OF ROUNDED-UP SUSPECTS.



IN OUED ZEM, THREE DAYS AFTER MOROCCAN TRIBESMEN HAD SWEEPED IN AND MASSACRED THE EUROPEAN INHABITANTS: TROOPS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION AMONG THE RUINS.



A FRENCH MARINE COMMANDO, USING A "WALKIE-TALKIE" WITH A RANGE OF ABOUT A MILE, PATROLLING THROUGH DESER CHAËF, WHERE THERE WERE TEN FATAL CASUALTIES.

THE CRISIS IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA: MEASURES IN MOROCCO—SCENES AT



A CEREMONY WHICH WAS MARRED BY DISGRACEFUL SCENES: THE FUNERAL SERVICE AT RABAT FOR GENERAL DUVAL AND COMMANDANT CHABROL, KILLED IN AN AIR ACCIDENT.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF KHOURIGBA, THE IMPORTANT PHOSPHATE MINING AND PROCESSING TOWN IN MOROCCO AFTER IT WAS DESTROYED AND SACKED BY RIOTERS.



WHERE SMOKE STILL RISES THREE DAYS AFTER THE MASSACRE OF OVER SEVENTY EUROPEANS: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF OUED ZEM, THE SCENE OF GHASTLY EXCESSES.

AS briefly reported in our last issue, the week-end of August 20-21 saw French North Africa swept by a series of uprisings, riots, massacres and demonstrations, following (according to M. Faure, the French Prime Minister) "orders from abroad"—a phrase in which he was believed to refer to Arabic broadcasts from Cairo. The riots in Algeria are dealt with elsewhere; we illustrate here the Moroccan scene. The Moroccan riots and revolts have coincided with the second anniversary of the deposition of the Sultan Ben Youssef and also with the talks on Moroccan status at Aix-les-Bains. On August 19 there were Nationalist demonstrations at Khenifra, near Meknes, in which ten rioters were killed by troops. On August 20 there were a number of violent incidents, mainly confined to small towns, although there was a general strike in Casablanca. Khenifra, Safi, Mogador, Boujad

MASSACRES BY TERRORISTS, AND COUNTER-ATTACKS BY FRENCH TROOPS—ZEM, KHOURIGBA AND ELSEWHERE.



AFTER THE MASSACRE OF OUED ZEM: FRENCH SOLDIERS AND CIVILIAN MOURNERS AT THE FUNERAL OF SOME OF THE MORE THAN SEVENTY VICTIMS OF THE MASSACRE.



IN THE VEHICLE STORE OF THE FACTORY AT KHOURIGBA, IN WHICH THE RIOTERS DID EXTENSIVE DAMAGE. THE PHOSPHATE DEPOSITS ARE AMONG THE WORLD'S BIGGEST.



THE DESERTED AND BLACKENED WALLS OF OUED ZEM, WHERE TRIBESMEN MASSACRED, MUTILATED AND BURNED OVER SEVENTY FRENCH INHABITANTS—MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

were all the scenes of riot, murder and fighting; but the worst incident was at Oued Zem, where tribesmen swept into the small town, and, before it could be reached by troops, massacred the European inhabitants to the number of over seventy, murdering, mutilating and burning the bodies after soaking them in petrol. The important phosphate town of Khourigba was also sacked and the factory destroyed. French military reaction was immediate and drastic; and in Oued Zem area it is reported that over 700 tribesmen were killed. During the mopping-up operations, the French C-in-C, General Duval, was killed in an air accident; and his funeral at Rabat was marred by incidents in which some of the French present booed the Resident-General, M. Grandval. A French infantry division was to be transferred to North Africa and reservists recalled to fulfil France's N.A.T.O. obligations.



TRIBESMEN OF THE SMAALA CONFEDERATION LISTENING TO GENERAL FRANCHI DURING THE SURRENDER, CONTRITION AND PARDON CEREMONY FOR THE OUED ZEM MASSACRE.



BURNED SHOPS IN THE MEDINA OF KHENIFRA, SOUTH OF MEKNES. HERE RIOTING AND DEMONSTRATIONS BROKE OUT ON AUGUST 19 AND TEN DEMONSTRATORS WERE KILLED.



AMONG THE RUINS OF OUED ZEM. IN VIGOROUS PUNITIVE OPERATIONS FOLLOWING THE MASSACRE, FRENCH TROOPS ARE REPORTED TO HAVE KILLED SOME 700 TRIBESMEN.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HOW often, it seems, the things that really matter don't get into the newspapers at all, or, if they do, do so in so modest and unobtrusive a way that no one notices or remembers them! I was reminded of this by reading last week a report, in the journal of a Society devoted to tree-planting, of which I am a member, an account of a World Forestry Charter luncheon held in London towards the end of May. It was attended by the Ambassadors of Afghanistan, Austria, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ethiopia, Lebanon, Nicaragua, Peru, Poland, Syria and Uruguay, as well as Ministers or Counsellors from Belgium, Brazil, Ceylon, Chile, China, Colombia, Czechoslovakia, Ecuador, Egypt, Finland, Guatemala, Honduras, Hungary, Iceland, India, Indonesia, Iran, Israel, Italy, Liberia, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway, Nyasaland, Portugal, Rhodesia, Rumania, Saudi Arabia, the Soviet Union, Sweden, Switzerland, Thailand, Turkey, Venezuela and Viet-nam—in other words, by representatives of a very large portion of the globe! A similar luncheon is apparently held every year with the object of reminding the representatives of the assembled nations of the importance of promoting tree-consciousness in the world and of co-operating in increasing its tree-cover.

I do not suggest that a luncheon, however well-attended by diplomats, can by itself achieve this end! But the mere fact of holding it seems to me a significant and encouraging fact. It shows that at least some people of weight and influence are being persuaded to think about what, after all, is one of the most important of all subjects—far more important to ourselves and posterity, I would suggest, than flying to the moon or increasing the destructive powers of the atom-bomb. For on trees the wealth, health and happiness of mankind very largely depend. They create and preserve the fertility and irrigation of the earth, they provide man with timber and purify the air he breathes, and by their beauty they reveal to those with eyes to see and hearts to understand the power and goodness of the earth's Creator.

The modern view of timber, especially in this urbanised and densely-populated island—formerly the most tree-conscious country in the world—is not unlike that of that spendthrift seventeenth-century squire who described trees as an excrescence of the earth provided by God for the payment of debts! Modern man, however, goes far beyond this materialistically-minded prodigal and, besides cashing in on the capital of ages at every opportunity, treats trees as though they were a nuisance. Indeed, in the eyes of British municipal gardeners and borough engineers, to whose keeping so many of our trees have been injudiciously entrusted, they have taken the place of children and dogs as Public Nuisance No. 1. Hence the way that they are everywhere being cut down or pollarded into hideous and fantastic shapes in areas where snatch-quick greed is not, as in our country districts, the main cause of destruction of these friendly vegetable allies and guardians of man. Pylons, factory-chimneys, gasometers and concrete lamp-posts, it is felt by these tidy souls, are the proper ornaments for an urban skyline, with a sprinkling of laurels and geometrical flower-beds for such open spaces as the rate-assessment authorities can afford to allow in our congested cities. Yet the age which treats trees in this fashion is gravely concerned about the growing shortage of living-space for humankind on the earth's surface and with new ways—by atomic power or by exploring and colonising outer-space—of counteracting that shortage. If only men had the sense to see it, the means of reclaiming vast areas of the earth, now desert, lies to their hand in the planting and cultivation of forest trees. Speaking at the same luncheon last May, and referring to the foundation last year of the Sahara Reclamation Company, Mr. Richard St. Barbe Baker said:

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A REPRODUCTION AND QUOTATION FROM
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.



"RECEPTION OF HER MAJESTY BY THE EMPEROR AT BOULOGNE."

The meeting shown above had been described in the issue of August 25, 1855, as "the Emperor of the most powerful military nation on the face of the earth offered his arm to the Queen of the people who rule the ocean." In the following issue a fuller report appeared:—"As soon as the *Victoria and Albert* drew alongside the pavilion, her Majesty appeared at the ship's side, and gracefully acknowledged the salutations of the Emperor. A stage was thrown on board, the Emperor quickly ran up the platform, and after respectfully kissing her Majesty's hand, saluted her upon both cheeks, according to the Imperial and Royal etiquette and the theory which presumes that crowned heads stand in sacred and fraternal relations to each other. The Emperor then cordially shook hands with Prince Albert, the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales, and, giving his hand to the Queen, led her down the stage to the pavilion, within which State chairs were placed on a dais, and here her Majesty, seated, received the congratulations of the civic authorities and the English residents. After a brief pause the Emperor led her Majesty to one of the Royal carriages.

three years ago. In fact, the successes of these officers have attracted so much attention locally that one of the leading landowners offered the Head of the Department a million francs if his land could be given priority treatment! I tell this story because it is one of many which show that old prejudices have given way to appreciation of the advantages to be gained by applying the latest methods of land reclamation to restoring fertility to denuded lands.

These are the methods we must apply elsewhere. They should, for example, be applied, along with other necessary measures, to the reclamation of the Sahara—an area somewhat larger than Australia. There we can find productive employment for twenty-two million people (a force of land healers equal to the standing armies of the world), and if we brought to this great task the concentrated effort of all the nations, large and small, the Sahara could provide living space for a hundred million people in eight to ten years. This is only one example of what a peaceful creative economy can achieve. Tensions, prejudices and misunderstandings stand in the way of co-operative effort on such a scale, but I believe we shall overcome them. Is it too much to hope that the iron curtains of the world will give place to the Green Front and that the desert will blossom as the rose? I believe the prophets of old were not just visionaries, but seers of reality when they foretold blossoming deserts; and it is our great privilege—yours

and mine—to see to it that their prophecies do come true and that we make the Earth fruitful again.*

Town-bred man, with his eyes on space, on remote millenniums, on the abstract destinies of the human race, is neglecting for these insubstantial and unattainables the solid, fruitful and beautiful earth at his feet. He is not only neglecting it but, through his astonishing ignorance and blindness, he is using his new-found scientific and mechanical toys to ravage, plunder and destroy it. He is after, to use that most expressive American term, pie-in-the-sky, and is turning up his nose at his own dinner! The gods provided for man an ample and satisfying meal and made only three conditions: that he should, as our Regency ancestors used to say, "keep his peepers open," that he should observe the laws of nature, and that he should work. To-day we in this country are doing our best to neglect all three. This is not only folly, but a species of blasphemy, for in our greed and blindness we are denuding the earth of the beautiful and health-giving forms with

which God clothed it. In the same journal from which I have quoted is a report of a sermon preached to the Men of the Trees by the Rev. David N. Francis, of St. George's Methodist Church, Boscombe, at their annual meeting, last May. "Few things," he said, "are more urgently needful than this: that we should recognise the deep significance of Nature's tokens as God's handiwork and then be definitely respectful—even reverent—as we approach them. . . . Many folk see beauty in Nature; but few really 'see God' there. Men readily recognise the value of their natural heritage; but not to worship. The earth's riches evoke avarice, but not awe. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was right:

Earth's crammed with Heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who *sees* takes off his shoes.
The rest sit round it, and pluck blackberries! . . .

And if we fail to see God within His handiwork, if we have no impulse to reverence, to 'take off our shoes,' we are not only missing something; we are in danger of a great iniquity. To be blind to the presence and purpose of our God and just thoughtlessly 'pluck blackberries' is, in truth, to be guilty of sacrilege. For 'the Earth is the Lord's' and Nature is His hand-maid." It seems to me that every word of this sermon is true and that it contains the lesson that more than any other our impatient and destructive age needs to learn.

A WEEK-END OF TERROR IN ALGERIA, AND SWIFT MILITARY REACTION.



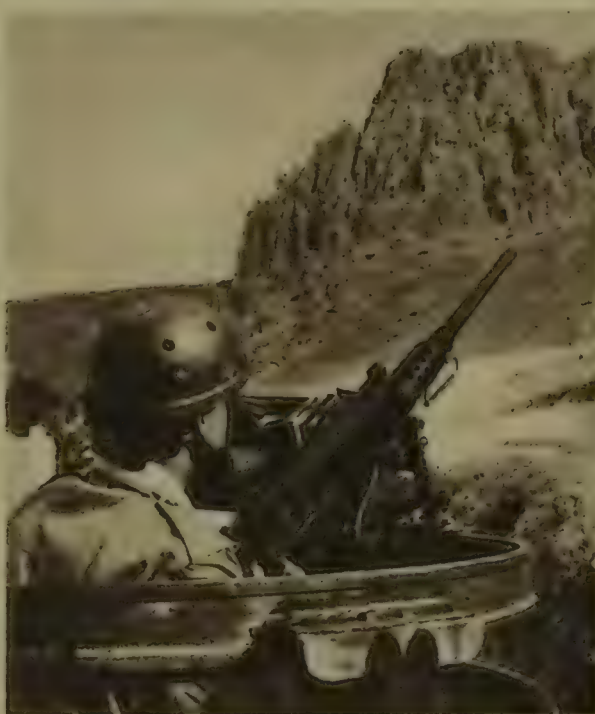
IN DESERT COUNTRY NEAR BISKRA: A FRENCH ARMOURD UNIT PATROLLING IN THE ALGERIAN HINTERLAND IN SEARCH OF TERRORISTS.



ONCE A PLEASANT BUNGALOW NEAR PHILIPPEVILLE, IN ALGERIA—AFTER ITS ATTACK BY TERRORISTS ON AUGUST 20. THE FRENCH FAMILY WERE KILLED, THE HOUSE LOOTED AND BURNT AND THE GARDEN AND CAR WRECKED.



THE SUPPRESSION OF THE TERRORISTS IS A FULL MILITARY OPERATION, ESPECIALLY IN THE MOUNTAINOUS SOUTH. WE SHOW A SIGNALS DETACHMENT AT KHANGA SIDI NADJI.



A FRENCH ARMOURD PATROL NEAR MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY, IN WHICH TERRORISTS CAN CONVENIENTLY REORGANISE FOR SWIFT OUTBURSTS. SUCH AS THAT OF AUGUST 20.



M. SOUSTELLE, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF ALGERIA (LEFT FOREGROUND), INTERROGATING A PARTISAN DURING CLEANING-UP OPERATIONS AT EL OUED.



A FOOTBALL STADIUM AS A MORTUARY: BODIES OF THE DEAD, AFTER THE TERRORIST ATTACKS ON PHILIPPEVILLE, ALGERIA, WERE BEATEN BACK, LAID OUT BEFORE BURIAL.



AT THE FUNERAL OF THE TERRORISTS' VICTIMS: THE SCENE IN THE PHILIPPEVILLE CEMETERY, WHEN THE MAYOR AND HIS ASSOCIATES PROTESTED AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT'S POLICY.

The recent terrorist outbreak in Algeria was evidently timed to coincide with that in Morocco; and at or about midday on August 20 several thousand Arab terrorists in about fifty bands attacked twenty-five points, mainly in the Constantine and Philippeville districts. The French security forces would seem, however, to have been well-informed of the terrorists' intentions and the military reaction was swift and drastic. Despite this, however, some massacres took place; and at the end of the day it was officially announced that 69 French people had been killed and 459 terrorists. On August 21, nine villages near Constantine were razed to the ground, it having been established that the terrorists who attacked Oued Zenati

and Ain Abid had come from these villages. At the funeral of some sixty European victims in Philippeville on August 23, there were angry scenes, and the mayor ordered Government wreaths to be removed from the coffins and himself tore away the inscriptions. The Prefect of Constantine left the scene amid hisses from the onlookers. The Governor-General, M. Soustelle, has said that "the principal abscess of revolt" is in the inaccessible Nemencha Mountains 150 miles south of Philippeville, and this area will be the objective of a long-term cleaning-up operation. An official list of deaths given on August 23 was: European civilians 70, French troops 31, loyal Moslems 15, and rebels 524.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:



HOLDING TALKS THAT MAY BRING PEACE TO FRENCH NORTH AFRICA: FRENCH MINISTERS AND MOROCCAN NATIONALISTS AT AIX-LES-BAINS.
Talks that may put an end to the crisis in Morocco opened at Aix-les-Bains between members of the French Government and representatives of the Nationalist movements in French North Africa on August 22. In the above photograph are (l. to r.): General Koenig, M. Pinay, M. Schuman (standing). S. Thami El Mokri, El Mokri, his father, the centrist Grand Vizier, and M. Joly.



URGENTLY RECALLED TO THE SUDAN: SIR KNOX HELM.
Recalled while on holiday in Scotland to the Sudan, Sir Knox Helm, left London on August 23 and arrived in the Sudan capital on August 25 after braving his journey for talks with Egyptian Ministers in Cairo. His broadcast order to the Sudanese Defence Force mutineers to surrender was obeyed.



AFTER A LUNCHEON PARTY AT KUALA LUMPUR ON AUGUST 9: THE HIGH COMMISSIONER AND MEMBERS OF THE NEW MALAYAN GOVERNMENT.
Photographed above, after luncheon, are (back row, l. to r.): Juche Bahaman bin Samadun (Asst. M. for Home Affairs), Dato Abdul Razak bin Yusoff (Education), Mr. O. A. Spencer (Economic Affairs), Juche Abdul Aziz bin Isahak (Agriculture), Mr. A. H. P. Humphrey (Defence), Juche Sulaiman bin Dato Abdul Rahman (Local Government, Housing and Town Planning), Mr. V. J. Sambanthan (Labour), Juche Sarim bin Isahak (Works), Mr. Leong Yee Koh (Health), Mr. Ong Yoke Lin (Posts and Telecommunications), Mr. A. S. H. Kemp (Sec. to the Government), and Mr. Tan Joon Hing (Asst. M. for Education). (Seated, l. to r.): Mr. C. J. Thomas (Financial Sec. to Govt.), H. S. Lee (Transport), Juche Abdul Rahman (Leader of the House and Home Affairs), Sir Donald Macpherson, Mr. D. C. Waterson (Chief Secretary), Mr. M. J. F. Hogan (Attorney-General), and Dr. Ismail bin Dato Abdul Rahman (Natural Resources).



JOINING COMMERCIAL TELEVISION AS AN ANNOUNCER: MR. C. J. CHATAWAY.
The British international athlete and holder of the world three-mile record, Mr. C. J. Chataway, announced on August 7 that he would shortly be joining commercial television. It is understood that he would prepare and read news bulletins, but would not be concerned in any way with sport in case his amateur status as a runner was affected.



EMINENT SURGEON DIES: SIR JAMES WALTON.
Sir James Walton, who died on Aug. 7 at his home in Sussex, was Extra Surgeon to the Queen and had been Surgeon to King George V, King George VI, and to the Royal Household. He was closely associated with the London Hospital, and was the author of many surgical writings. He was 73.



WINNING A POINT DURING THE DAVIS AUSTRALIAN PAIR (FAIR COURT) IN AUSTRALIA.
Australia were again holders of the Davis Cup after winning the doubles on August 26. The Australian pair, L. A. Hood and R. N. Hartwig, beat T. Trabert and E. V. Secas 12-14, 6-4, 6-3, 3-6, 7-5. The four singles matches were also won by Australia, giving



LEAPT 38,500 FT. FROM AN AIRCRAFT: MISS GINETTE ROUSSEAU.
After jumping from an aircraft on August 24 and falling almost five miles before opening her parachute, Miss GINETTE ROUSSEAU, a Frenchwoman aged twenty-two, claimed a world record for a "free fall jump." The previous woman's record of 23,772 ft. was held by a Russian.

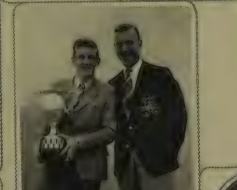


INSPECTING BRITAIN'S ATOMIC ACHIEVEMENTS: FOUR EAST EUROPEAN SCIENTISTS AT THE HARWELL ATOMIC RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT.
Nearly 150 scientists from thirty-two nations who attended the Geneva conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy, were shown round the atomic research establishment at Harwell on August 24. Photographed above are (l. to r.) Prof. V. V. Vladimirov (U.S.S.R.), Prof. V. I. Vokler (U.S.S.R.), Prof. M. V. Pleschinsk (Ukraine), and Prof. Nedjokov (Bulgaria).

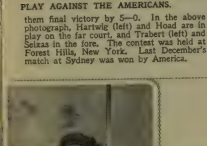
PEOPLE AND OCCASIONS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



ELECTED A BISHOP IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE RIGHT REV. G. F. D. MONTAGU.
The Annual Synod of the Church of England in South Africa unanimously elected the Right Rev. G. F. D. Montagu to be Bishop of the Church of England in South Africa. It was announced on Aug. 15. He is the first Bishop that this Church has had since Bishop Colenso died in 1903.



CHAMPIONSHIP: S. WILSON.
Stewart C. Wilson, of Troon, won the Boys' Golf Championship at the 19th event in the final against Brian Aitken, of Glasgow Academy, at Barrow, on August 27. Our photograph shows S. Wilson (holding the trophy) with Brian Aitken after the match.



FOUND MURDERED IN FRANCE: MISS JANET MARSHALL, AN ENGLISHWOMAN.
The body of Miss Janet Marshall, aged twenty-nine, a British schoolteacher from Nottingham, was found in bushes near the main road at Delory-sur-Somme, near Amiens, on August 26. The body bore marks of injuries to the head and of strangulation. Miss Marshall's bicycle was found near by.



IN LONDON FOR THE CYPRUS TALKS: SIR ROBERT ARMITAGE (LEFT), WITH LADY ARMITAGE AND THEIR SON.
Sir Robert Armitage, Governor of Cyprus, arrived in London on August 24 for the Tripartite talks between Britain, Greece and Turkey which opened at Lancaster House on August 20, at which the political future of Cyprus was discussed. The British delegation, led by Mr. Macmillan, also included our Ambassador in Athens and Ankara, and the Colonial Secretary and Minister of State for Colonial Affairs.



THE WINNING COUNTY FOR THE FOURTH SUCCESSIVE YEAR: THE SURREY COUNTY CRICKET TEAM, WINNERS OF THE 1950 LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP.
By beating Sussex at Kennington Oval on August 26, Surrey became County cricket champions for the fourth year in succession. Mr. W. S. Sandridge, the Surrey captain, attributed the team's success less to individual performances, though these had often been outstanding, than to a splendid team spirit. Photographed at the Oval, the players, seen above, are (back row, l. to r.): B. Constable, P. Loader, I. Clark, G. Lodge, E. Basher, D. Fletcher, J. Laker, R. Pratt. (Front row, l. to r.): M. Stewart, A. McIntyre, P. May, S. Sandridge (captain), A. Beiser and K. Barnington.



SWAM THE CHANNEL IN RECORD TIME: MR. W. PICKERING.
A batha manager at Bloxwich, Staffordshire, Mr. W. Pickering, aged thirty-four, set up a new record by swimming the Channel from England to France in 14 hours 6 mins. on August 25-26. The previous official record was 14 hours 42 mins.



TAKING TEA AFTER THEIR TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT: THE TWO-MAN CANBERRA CREW WITH THEIR WIVES.
The first men to have breakfast in London, luncheon in New York and supper back in London were the crew of the English Electric Canberra which flew from London to New York and back in 14 hrs. 21 mins. 45.4 sec. at an average speed of 491.52 m.p.h. on August 23. The two men, seen above with their wives, are the pilot, Mr. J. Hackett (right) and his navigator, Mr. P. Monaghan.



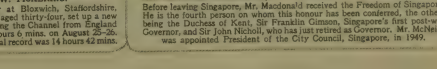
APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO VENEZUELA: MR. JOHN WALKER.
At present an inspector of foreign service establishments, Mr. John Walker has been appointed British Ambassador in Caracas, Venezuela, in succession to Sir Robert Urquhart. Mr. Walker is forty-nine.



RESIGNED AS RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO: M. GRANDVAL.
The liberal policy of M. Grandval, French Resident-General in Morocco, was bitterly opposed by members of the Right-Wing party. His resignation has been accepted. Lieut-General Duval, French Military Commander in Morocco since 1949, was killed when his aircraft crashed. He was formerly C-in-C, Tunisia.



AFTER RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF SINGAPORE: MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD, WITH (BEHIND) MR. T. P. F. McNEICE.
Before leaving Singapore, Mr. Macdonald received the Freedom of Singapore. He is the fourth person on whom this honour has been conferred, the others being the Duchess of Kent, Sir Franklin Gimson, Singapore's first post-war Governor, and Sir John Nicoll, who has just retired as Governor. Mr. McNeice was appointed President of the City Council, Singapore, in 1949.



ONE OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST ACTORS.

"MR. MACREADY. A Nineteenth-Century Tragedian and His Theatre"; By J. C. TREWIN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MACREADY was the son of an actor and an actress. He went to Rugby and expected to go to the University and the Bar. He got as far as Rugby, where he shone in a school play; then his father went broke and, as Mr. Trewin says, "Morosely, he became the high master of his art. Glumly he saved the theatre." "He strove to redeem the glaring, blatant theatre of his day. He restored many of the Shakespearean texts. 'Revived' was then thought to be a pretentious word; but with Macready Shakespeare was revived indeed. He was a Macbeth as imaginatively exciting as any on record, and a Lear of intense pathos.



WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY DELIVERING HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS AT DRURY LANE THEATRE, FEBRUARY 26, 1851. Illustrations from the Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson Theatre Collection reproduced from the book "Mr. Macready"; by courtesy of the publisher, George G. Harrap.

He could also rule the stage in those parts—Werner, Virginius, Ion, Richelieu, Melnotte—only one of which has ruffled the surface of the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*. Tennyson called him 'moral, grave, sublime,' a phrase none would have found for Kean."

He had a happy private life; a perfect marriage; and a circle of friends, writers, artists and connoisseurs, which roughly coincided with that of Dickens, who was, to the credit of both, the dearest friend of all. He had to fight his way to the top, at a time when there were only two "patent theatres" in London which were allowed to do classical plays. He reached the summit, after very many passionate conflicts, and then came—suitably—a tragic climax.

Macready retired from the stage in 1851, and thereafter lived a peaceful, retired life at Sherborne and Cheltenham. He had at one time thought of retiring to the United States, but that project was abandoned when he made his last American tour and had the most unpleasant experiences of his switchback of a life.

An eminent American actor, Edwin Forrest, played in England and had, in certain quarters, a poor reception; he suspected (quite wrongly) jealous prompting by Macready, and resolved to get his own back. Macready was acting "Hamlet" in Edinburgh. At one moment when he introduced a piece of novel and effective "business" the silence was broken by a loud and prolonged hiss from one of the boxes. It was Forrest, in a cold fury. "It was not," says Mr. Trewin, "an insult he would pardon: Forrest, he told his journal, was a low-minded ruffian. On March 4 Forrest was again in the theatre, talking and laughing through Macready's main scenes, and on March 6 he tried to justify himself by saying that he applauded actors and had an equal right to hiss them." Here the episode was a storm in a teacup. Across the Atlantic it had fierce repercussions.

Dickens had his premonitions: he had himself recently raised a tremendous howl with the American chapters of "Martin Chuzzlewit"; and when he was seeing Macready off he lamented that he couldn't "undecicate" "Nicholas Nickleby," which had been

inscribed to the tragedian. As soon as the tour opened at Boston Macready was aware of opposition; at Philadelphia, though he had much support, a copper cent and a rotten egg were auguries of things to come. Macready in his speech denied that he had shown hostility to an American actor in England; Forrest replied with a monstrous attack, calling him a liar and concluding: "Perhaps, in charity to the poor old man [Macready was fifty-six], I should impute these 'chimeras dire' rather to the disturbed state of his guilty conscience than to any desire on his part wilfully to misrepresent." On the first night of "Hamlet" at Cincinnati there was a very favourable audience, but the gilt was rather taken off by a drunken ruffian who threw half the raw carcass of a sheep on the stage—he may have heard of the Frenchman's *mot* "Sleep also is a form of criticism" and mistaken the word for "sheep." Then came New York, and the feeling of the mob (civilised Americans, of course, were mixed up in none of this and warmly befriended him throughout) was so violent that his life was in grave danger.

It began with the first night of "Macbeth." While Forrest was acting in the same play at another theatre "a great yell of enthusiasm" greeted him when the lines were spoken:

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug
Would scour these English hence?

Macready was being pelted with copper cents, eggs, apples, lemons, bits of wood, potatoes, asafoetida, and numerous chairs. He played his part through: he was at his best in brave and resolute characters and he was brave and resolute himself. Next day he did not perform. But forty-eight leading citizens, including Washington Irving, "petitioned him to continue, assuring him that the riot did not speak for America." He decided to play again. There was organised enmity. The police must have been forewarned of it, for there were numbers of them inside the house and outside it. The din made the early scenes inaudible; "four of the ringleaders were arrested and thrust into a room under the pit, where, vainly, they attempted to start a fire." More rioters were thrown out. "The ejected rowdies summoned their comrades in the street, which unluckily was under repair, full of loose paving-stones that could be seized for ammunition. At once

multitude was shouting execration beyond the walls. "They were here" was the answer. They were there: infantry and cavalry. Volley after volley was fired over the heads of the enraged rabble; then two brass cannon, charged with grape-shot, were brought up. Macready was

smuggled out in disguise. The soldiers were forced to kill twenty rioters and rioters were hunting for Macready, in order to kill him. In disguise he reached Boston: though one man recognised him on the way, and asked him if he were going to play there, to which the answer was "No." Thence, after a cordial reception by Longfellow, Dana and others, he sailed for Old England, all hopes of a peaceful old age in New England having been abandoned.

There followed farewell tours on all the old provincial circuits on which, while he was struggling to the top of his profession, he had had to play with local stock—companies whose members he usually thought vulgar, stupid, incompetent, or all three, in melodramas which he despised: though like a genuine actor he always forced himself to give the utmost possible power to



THE RIOT AT THE ASTOR PLACE OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK, THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 10, 1849. (From a lithograph by N. Currier.)



ENGRAVING OF A MINIATURE OF WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY BY ROBERT THORBURN, A.R.A., 1843.



THE MAN WHO QUARRELLED SO BITTERLY WITH MR. MACREADY: THE AMERICAN ACTOR EDWIN FORREST (1806-72), FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN HIS LAST YEARS.

many of the theatre windows on Eighth Street were smashed. Inside, rioters in the gallery and upper gallery sustained the noise. Outside, glass splintered, and the shutterboarding began to crack, at length to give way. Stones fell inside the theatre: the din increased, and the actors lost their nerve. As Macbeth, ready for the Banquet, moved to his seat on the dais, one of the Scottish thanes begged him, in a frightened undertone, to cut the play, to get it over quickly. Macready turned in anger: "I have consented to do this thing. Whatever it means, I shall do it. The audience has paid for the play, and the law compels us to give it. There would be reason for a riot if we did not."

When he was changing, having seen the thing through, somebody in the dressing-room said: "Why haven't we sent for the military?"—for a wolfish

lifeless "lines" and the utmost possible life to silly dead *dramatis personae*.

He cut himself off from the past as with a knife, and lived the life, busy locally and in his library, of a country-gentleman. He had never wished to be an actor (though he was one of the few geniuses, as distinguished from talented actors, who have adorned our stage) and he was determined that none of his children should be actors. There were ten of them. Three survived him. The youngest, by his second wife, died in 1946, as General Sir Nevil Macready, first Baronet, the interval between father's birth and son's death being 149 years. He would have liked that.

Perhaps he might have made a formidable soldier himself and been eminent in the Mutiny. Perhaps had he had his juvenile desire and become a barrister he might have been as feared by witnesses, guilty men, and even guiltless men, as was Sir Edward Carson. Perhaps, had he become a clergyman (as he was near doing in early manhood: he said prayers daily and wrestled with his violent temper) he would have become a fierce and notable bishop. Things didn't work out that way; but he did become the King of the Stage. He had no successors until, after twenty years, Irving took on the mantle. The nearest thing was Samuel Phelps, of Sadler's Wells. Thirty years ago I sat next to Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson at dinner and he referred to "my old master, Phelps." Phelps was Macready's pupil. We connect with our past, even if we are not actors.

Mr. Trewin has done his job with a thoroughness which would have won his subject's admiration.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 402 of this issue.

* "Mr. Macready: A Nineteenth-Century Tragedian and His Theatre." By J. C. Trewin. Illustrated. (Harrap; 18s.)

WHERE CHRIST HIMSELF MAY HAVE STUDIED: AN ESSENE MONASTERY AT KHIRBET QUMRAN.

By G. LANKESTER HARDING, F.S.A., Director of Antiquities, The Hashimite Kingdom of Jordan.

The excavations described in this article have been carried out by a joint expedition of the Jordan Department of Antiquities, the Ecole Biblique et Archéologique Française de Jerusalem, and the Palestine Archaeological Museum, under the direction of R. P. R. DE VAUX, O.P., and the author.

ONE day in the summer of 1947 a Bedouin shepherd was pasturing his flocks by the foothills at the north-western end of the Dead Sea: a goat detached

quantity of manuscript material, far more than Cave I., which, although it is more fragmentary, is even more important, for we now have larger or smaller fragments of every book of the Old Testament except Esther, most of the known Apocrypha and many new ones, as well as a number of Sectarian documents. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., an international team of scholars is now working on this material in the Palestine Archaeological Museum in Jerusalem (Fig. 1).



FIG. 1. FITTING TOGETHER THE PIECES OF A GIGANTIC JIGSAW PUZZLE IN THE PALESTINE ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM IN JERUSALEM: SCHOLARS WORKING ON THE ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS WHICH REPRESENT ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT FINDS EVER MADE IN THE FIELD OF BIBLICAL ARCHÆOLOGY.

itself from the flock and wandered off up a hillside, and in searching for his goat the shepherd stumbled on the entrance to a cave in which had been hidden some scrolls which turned out to be the oldest Biblical manuscripts so far known.

In an account of the discovery of these documents, then known as the Dead Sea Scrolls, which appeared in *The Illustrated London News* of October 1, 1949, I wrote as follows: "About a kilometre to the south of the cave is a small ancient site called Khirbet Qumran. It seemed at first possible that the cave deposit might have some relation to this site, but a trial excavation showed that it dates to the third or fourth century A.D., much later than the cache."

The trial excavation referred to was carried out in the cemetery of the site, and the following year, still feeling there should be some connection between the two places, we cleared three rooms of the actual building. Buried in the floor of one of the rooms was a jar identical with those found in the cave, and beside it a coin of about A.D. 10. A clear connection thus being established, the site has been systematically excavated over the past four years, and has resulted in a wealth of material and information as surprising as it is unusual.

The site was in the nature of a self-contained monastery, complete with potters' quarter (Fig. 10), flour mills (Fig. 11), ovens (Fig. 14), storage bins (Fig. 15), and an elaborate system of water conservation in twelve large cisterns. More than 400 coins give us the maximum and minimum dates for the history of the building, which can be briefly summarised as beginning about 125 B.C., destroyed by earthquake in 31 B.C., rebuilt about 5 B.C., and finally destroyed by the Tenth Roman Legion in A.D. 68. A few squatters occupied part of the place during the Second Jewish Revolt, A.D. 122-135 after which it was abandoned.

From this it is apparent that the manuscripts cannot be later than A.D. 68, a date about a century later than that to which we originally assigned them on the basis of the pottery found with them. The reason for this error is that while the Roman period is very well known from the historic point of view, archaeologically, i.e., so far as pottery is concerned, it is still rather vague, for under the Pax Romana the pottery types maintained the same forms throughout the whole period.

Since the first discovery, many other caves have been found and excavated, some of which contained fragments of documents, while all had been occupied at least during the later period of the settlement. The outstanding cave find was made in 1952, and is known as Qumran Cave IV. This produced an enormous

In one of the caves were found two unique bronze rolls, which had originally been riveted together to form a plaque (Fig. 6). The metal has unfortunately completely oxidised and is very brittle: the problem of unrolling these so that they can be read is a difficult and delicate one, and has been entrusted by the Jordan Government to the College of Technology of the University of Manchester.

The settlement as now completely excavated consists of a main building some 37ms. (121 ft.) square, with a strong tower at the north-west corner (Fig. 4.F). To the south and west of this building lie the domestic and industrial quarters, and most of the cisterns. It is not possible to assign definite uses to most of the rooms, but there is one, the largest, which is clearly the general assembly room (Fig. 12); another is a dining-room or perhaps a room for special meetings; a cistern within the main building with divided upper steps, which might be the baptistery (Fig. 7); a pottery storeroom, etc. (Fig. 13).

The cistern just referred to gives the most dramatic evidence of the severity of the earthquake, for it is cracked diagonally across its length and the eastern side has sunk some 50 cms. (1 ft. 7 ins.). The tower was also apparently badly damaged, for it was subsequently strengthened by a sloping revetment all round.

In one of the inner rooms was found a quantity of broken plaster moulded on mud bricks: when assembled, this turned out to be a long table-like structure with a

low bench behind it (Fig. 5). It had clearly fallen from an upper storey. During the process of disengaging it, ink-pots were found in the debris, of pottery and of bronze, so it is suggested that this may have been the *scripitorium* where many of the scrolls were written (Fig. 9). A projecting ledge of plaster with two depressions may have held water for washing the scribe's hand before writing the holy name of God.

Another curious and interesting discovery was of a number of pots, of various kinds, containing animal bones, goats and sheep chiefly, which had been carefully set down in various places outside the building. There are clearly the remains of food, but we have no clue as to the reason for such careful preservation of the bones, even if one assumes they are the remains of ritual feasts.

The coins begin with John Hyrcanus, 135-104 B.C., maintaining a good quantity up to Antigonos Mattathias, 40-37 B.C.: only one coin of Herod the Great has been found, and then there is a gap to Herod Archælus, 4 B.C. to A.D. 6. The last to be found in quantity are of Cæsarea under Nero, A.D. 67-68. The place was then destroyed by burning, and on top of this fill some rooms were constructed in which were found coins, of the Tenth Legion: the latest is one of Agrippa II., about A.D. 86. This year a hoard of 563 silver coins, in three small pots, was found in the floor of a room on the west, just inside the door. These are of two types only, of Antiochus VII., beginning at 135 B.C., and Tyre autonomous, of which the latest is 9 B.C. They may be someone's secret hoard, hidden there while the building was still a ruin: the position is an unlikely one for anyone living in the place to have chosen.

In addition to excavation of the site, a thorough search of the scarp of the Wadi to the south was made last year, to try and establish whether there were any more caves there. (Cave IV. was found in this scarp.) The debris covering the face of the scarp was scraped down to the natural deposit by workers suspended over the side, in many cases on ropes. As a result of this work the eroded remains of six more caves were found, in two of which were small fragments of inscribed leather and papyrus, suggesting that they also had once contained scrolls. Two of the caves had staircases leading down to them.

It would seem that the inhabitants of the monastery had warning of the approach of the Roman Legion to attack them in A.D. 68 and concealed their most valuable possession, the great library, in various caves round about. No doubt they intended to return later and retrieve these scrolls, but apparently the Romans were too thorough in their methods of destruction.

Study of the scrolls themselves has made it fairly certain that the sect who inhabited the monastery were the Essenes, so well described by Flavius Josephus and Pliny the Elder. The latter's description of their settlement and its position tallies very closely indeed with our remains. John the Baptist was almost certainly an Essene, and must have studied and worked in this building: he undoubtedly derived the idea of

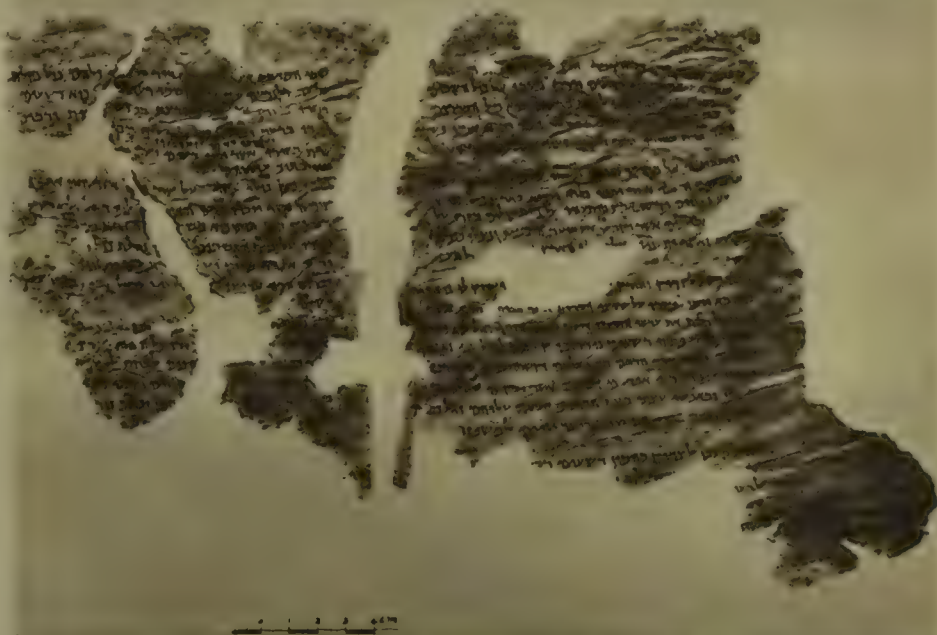


FIG. 2. WRITTEN ON SKIN: PART OF A COMMENTARY ON PSALM 37 WHICH HAS BEEN RECONSTRUCTED FROM THE THOUSANDS OF FRAGMENTS FOUND IN QUMRAN CAVE IV. THANKS TO THE GENEROSITY OF MR. J. D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., AN INTERNATIONAL TEAM OF SCHOLARS IS NOW WORKING ON THIS MATERIAL IN THE PALESTINE ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM IN JERUSALEM. [Photographs by J. Albina, of the Palestine Archaeological Museum.]

ritual immersion, or baptism, from them. Many authorities consider that Christ himself also studied with them for some time. If that be so, then we have in this little building something unique indeed, for alone of all the ancient remains in Jordan, this has remained unchanged—indeed, unseen and unknown, to this day. These, then, are the very walls He looked upon, the corridors and rooms through which He wandered and in which He sat, brought to light once again after nearly 1900 years. And all this has happened in our time because, one day in 1947, a goat strayed from its flock and wandered away up a barren hillside.

A BUILDING IN WHICH JOHN THE BAPTIST, AND PROBABLY CHRIST, STUDIED: KHIRBET QUMRAN.



FIG. 3. A GENERAL VIEW SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE SETTLEMENT ON A LEDGE ABOVE THE DEAD SEA. THE APERTURE OF QUMRAN CAVE IV. CAN BE SEEN IN THE CLIFF, RIGHT FOREGROUND (ARROWED).

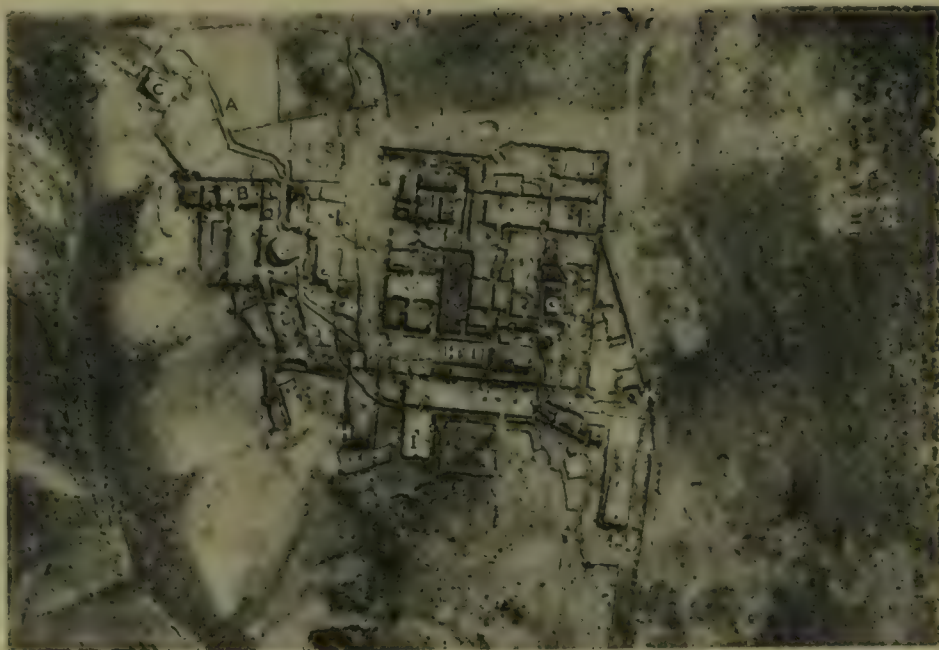


FIG. 4. LOOKING NORTH: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE MONASTERY OF QUMRAN. (A) WATER CHANNEL; (B) SILVER COIN HOARD; (C) CISTERNS; (D) OVEN; (E) FLOUR MILL; (F) TOWER; (G) CISTERN CRACKED BY EARTHQUAKE; (H) CISTERNS; (I) POTTERY STORE; (J) MEETING ROOM; (K) POTTERS' KILN; (L) LEVIGATING BASIN; (M) CISTERN; (N) CEMETERY.



FIG. 5. WRITING BENCHES RECONSTRUCTED FROM A QUANTITY OF BROKEN PLASTER MOULDED ON MUD BRICKS WHICH WAS FOUND IN AN INNER ROOM AT QUMRAN.

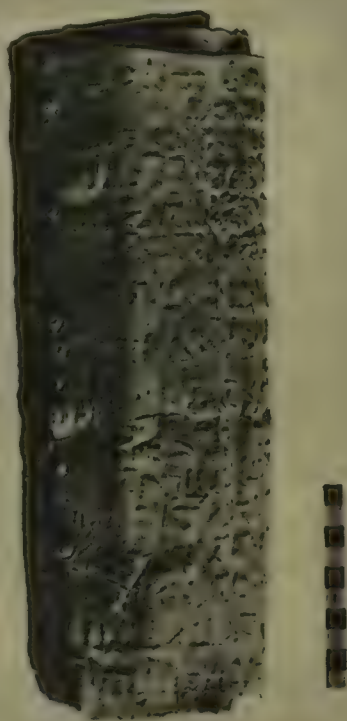


FIG. 6. FOUND IN A CAVE: ONE OF TWO INSCRIBED BRONZE ROLLS. THE TASK OF UNROLLING THEM HAS BEEN ENTRUSTED TO THE COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY, THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER.



FIG. 7. EVIDENCE OF A GREAT EARTHQUAKE: A CISTERN WHICH HAS BEEN CRACKED DOWN THE MIDDLE SO THAT THE EASTERN HALF HAS SUNK SOME 50 CMS. (1 FT. 7 INS.)

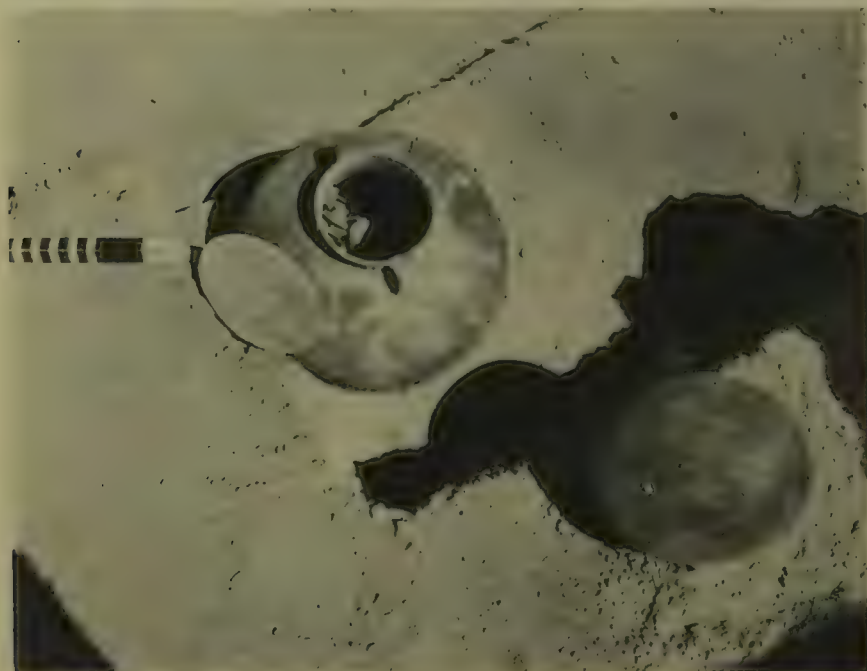


FIG. 8. CAREFULLY SET DOWN IN VARIOUS PLACES OUTSIDE THE BUILDING: SOME OF THE POTS CONTAINING ANIMAL BONES, PRESUMABLY THE REMAINS OF RITUAL FEASTS.



FIG. 9. FOUND AMONG THE DÉBRIS OF THE WRITING BENCHES: INK-POTS OF POTTERY AND BRONZE, WITH THE REMAINS OF INK INSIDE THEM.

Seldom can excavations on so small a site have yielded finds comparable to those made at Khirbet Qumran. Their importance is assessed in the article by Mr. Lankester Harding, who directed the excavation with Père de Vaux, O.P. Study of the scrolls has made it fairly certain that the sect who inhabited the monastery were the Essenes. St. John the Baptist was almost certainly an Essene, and must have studied and worked in this very building. Many authorities consider that

Christ Himself also studied with the Essenes for some time. If, as Mr. Harding says, that be so, "we have in this little building something unique indeed, for alone of all the ancient remains in Jordan, this has remained unchanged—indeed unseen and unknown, to this day. These, then, are the very walls He looked upon, the corridors and rooms through which He wandered and in which He sat, brought to light once again after nearly 1900 years."

ARE THESE THE ROOMS WHERE CHRIST ONCE WALKED?—QUMRAN FINDS.



FIG. 10. AT KHIRBET QUMRAN, ABOUT A KILOMETRE SOUTH OF THE CAVE WHERE THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS WERE FOUND: THE POTTERS' QUARTER, SHOWING THE PITS FOR WASHING AND LEVIGATING CLAY.



FIG. 11. ON THE SITE WHICH WAS FOUND TO BE IN THE NATURE OF A SELF-CONTAINED MONASTERY: THE FLOUR MILLS IN THE DOMESTIC QUARTER. THE CEMETERY OUTSIDE CONTAINED MORE THAN A THOUSAND BURIALS.



FIG. 12. EXCAVATED TO THE SOUTH OF THE MONASTERY: THE LARGEST ROOM, WHICH WAS CLEARLY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY ROOM. THE BUILDING BEARS SCARS IN SEVERAL PLACES OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF 31 B.C.



FIG. 13. IN THE POTTERY STOREROOM: A GROUP OF NEARLY 1000 BOWLS WHICH WAS PART OF A LARGE STORE OF POTTERY MADE ON THE SPOT. MORE THAN 400 COINS FOUND GIVE THE BUILDINGS MAXIMUM AND MINIMUM DATES.



FIG. 14. ON A PROMONTORY JUTTING OUT FROM THE ROCK-FACE ABOVE THE DEAD SEA: THE DOMESTIC QUARTERS OF THE MONASTERY, SHOWING AN OVEN AND WHAT WAS PROBABLY A SMELTING FURNACE.



FIG. 15. STORAGE BINS FOR GRAIN AND, IN THE FOREGROUND, PART OF THE WATER CHANNEL. AN ELABORATE SYSTEM OF WATER CONSERVATION IN TWELVE LARGE CISTERNS WAS UNCOVERED.

In an article on page 379 Mr. G. Lankester Harding, Director of Antiquities, the Hashimite Kingdom of Jordan, describes the systematic excavation over the last four years of a small ancient site called Khirbet Qumran, which lies about a kilometre south of the cave where the unique Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament, known as the Dead Sea Scrolls, came to light when a Bedouin shepherd searched for a goat on a summer's day in 1947. The excavations at

Qumran have greatly enhanced the value of the most important finds ever made in the field of Biblical archaeology by making it possible to date the documents within very narrow limits and by uncovering the remains of the self-contained monastery where the writers of the scrolls lived. It would seem that the inhabitants of the monastery had warning of the approach of the Tenth Roman Legion in 68 A.D., and concealed their library in various caves round about.

Photographs by J. Albina, of the Palestine Archaeological Museum.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



LAST week I wrote about a few hardy plants which I have found to be good colonists. By a good colonist I mean a plant which will settle down in one's garden, and there

increase spontaneously, with decent moderation, and without such unbridled fecundity as to become a pest and a weed. In a recent article I told of the outrageous behaviour of the Welsh poppy (*Meconopsis cambrica*) in my garden. Within a year or two a few original roots, planted in a cool, shady border among hepaticas and other such choice treasures, took complete charge of the territory, seeding left, right and centre, and then choking and smothering every other plant with thousands of stout, aggressive seedlings. In the right place and surroundings the Welsh poppy is a lovely thing, and can be a good colonist. In the wrong place it can prove as bad a colonist as the rabbit in Australia.

As a family the silver saxifrages are not very ready colonists. They are easy to establish in the rock garden and the wall garden, and once ready-made specimens have been planted in appropriate places, they soon settle in and increase by the multiplication of their leaf rosettes, and flower profusely and delightfully. Many of them, moreover, produce seeds quite freely. But only very rarely have I seen any of the silver saxifrages forming colonies of self-sown seedlings. In fact, off-hand I can only think of three or four instances of spontaneous colonisation by seeding among silver saxifrages. Years ago I planted a few roots of *Saxifraga lingulata* in the crumbling mortar on the top of a high wall in a Herefordshire garden. Greatly to my delight I found quantities of seedlings, large, small and microscopic, growing around the original parents a dozen or so years later. I expect the secret of that successful colonisation was that the wall being 8 ft. and more high the seedlings were secure from well-meant but destructive attentions from hoe and widge.

Some plants of a particularly good form of *Saxifraga lingulata lantoscana*, in a stone trough in my garden, have started producing self-sown seedlings among the rocks and stone chippings which surround them. Here again the seeds fell upon stony ground, of the kind they like, and then I took good care to prevent their being gardened out of existence. But the most striking example of silver saxifrage colonisation by seed-shedding that I ever knew was on Reginald Farrer's famous cliff-garden at his home at Clapham, in Yorkshire. It was a limestone cliff rising sheer out of the waters of Clapham Tarn. A narrow ledge of a path ran along the face of the cliff. In places walking along it was like traversing a hundred yards or so of mantelpiece. A slip or a false step would have resulted in a quite spectacular splash in the lake below. Here Farrer planted innumerable Alpine plants of all sorts, especially rock primulas and silver saxifrages—such as the *lingulatas* and *lantoscanas*, *S. aizoon* in its many forms and varieties, and *S. cochlearis*. One great triumph which I remember there was a fine specimen of the rare and usually difficult *Primula allionii*, well established in a deep, natural crevice of the cliff—just such a fastness as it would inhabit on its native cliffs in North Italy. On that cliff garden of Farrer's many of the saxifrages became thoroughly colonised, and

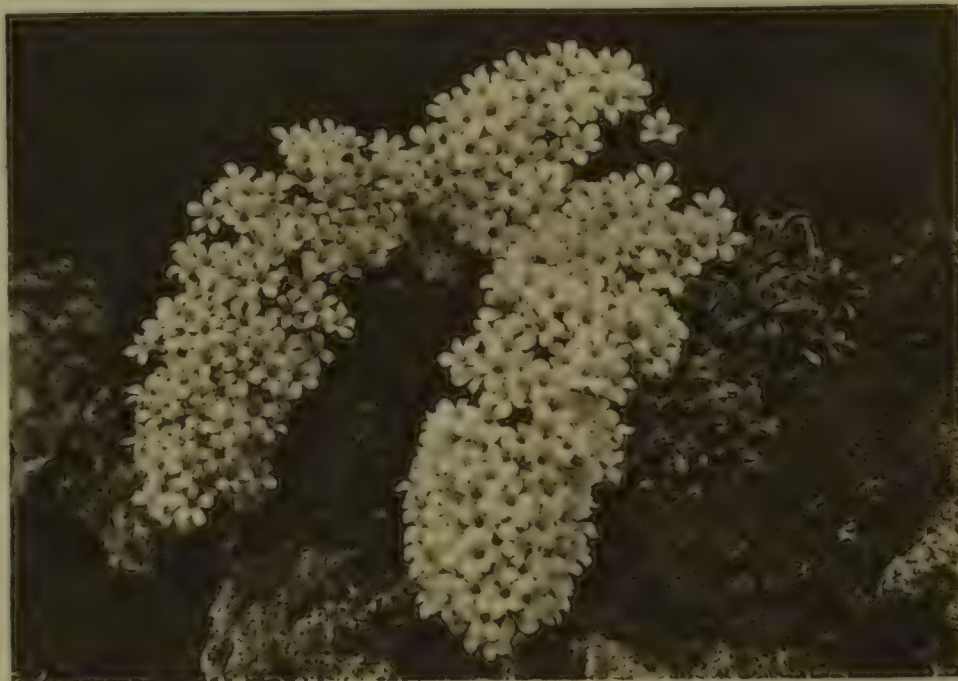
MORE GOOD COLONISTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

of that narrow ledge of a path, and make it available only to trustworthy plant-lovers. Plant-lovers of doubtful morals might have been accompanied



"IT WOULD, I FEEL SURE, BE A WILLING COLONIST IF ONLY IT WERE GIVEN A CHANCE": THE LOVELY VIRGINIA COWSLIP (*Mertensia virginica*) WHICH SEEDS QUITE FREELY AND, AS MR. ELLIOTT SAYS, "IS EASY ENOUGH TO RAISE FROM SEED—UNDER CONTROL, IN A PAN."
Photographs by Reginald A. Malby.



"AS A FAMILY THE SILVER SAXIFRAGES ARE NOT VERY READY COLONISTS. THEY ARE EASY TO ESTABLISH IN THE ROCK GARDEN AND THE WALL GARDEN, AND ONCE READY-MADE SPECIMENS HAVE BEEN PLANTED IN APPROPRIATE PLACES, THEY SOON SETTLE IN AND INCREASE BY THE MULTIPLICATION OF THEIR LEAF ROSETTES": *Saxifraga lingulata lantoscana superba*, FLOWERING PROFUSELY AND DELIGHTFULLY IN A ROCKY SETTING.

by a guide or keeper, at an appropriate charge. Fascinating though Farrer's cliff garden was, and greatly though so many choice Alpines enjoyed growing

on it, it always gave me a slightly uncomfortable feeling. There was something not quite right about a collection of typical Alpine plants growing on such a typically Yorkshire cliff, amid such essentially Yorkshire surroundings and atmosphere. There was something slightly bogus about it, suggesting an over-elaborate practical joke. Those same Alpine plants growing on a man-made rock garden would never give that slight feeling of incongruity, and for that reason I dislike man-made rock gardens which aim at over-natural effects by what I can only describe as appliqué use of gigantic rocks. As a rule, the more the makers of this school of rock garden strive after a faithfully photographically "natural" effect the more bogus the results seem—to me. I confess, however, that if I had Farrer's cliff at hand in my own garden, I could never resist the temptation of growing Alpine plants on it. I would not even try to resist.

That lovely plant the Virginia cowslip (*Mertensia virginica*) would, I feel sure, be a willing colonist if only it were given a chance, for it seeds quite freely, and is easy enough to raise from seed—under control, in a pan. Usually, however, it is grown in a bed or border where the soil is hoed or dug over from time to time, with the result that though seeds may fall and germinate, any youngsters that spring up get cultivated out of existence along with the weeds. Some years ago a good friend in America, in whose woodland garden the Virginia cowslip grows wild, and as profusely as bluebells grow in our woods, collected and sent me a great packet of seed of this plant. The following year I—or, rather, my son, who raised them—had such a host of *Mertensia* seedlings that it made little appreciable impression on the stock when I sent a thousand of them to Sir Eric Savill for planting in the woodlands of the Savill Garden in Windsor Great Park. I was delighted when I went there last year to see that the plants, now mature, had colonised in a

most satisfactory way, and the great original colony was spreading out by means of self-sown seedlings.

The variety of *Prunella grandiflora*, called "Loveliness," is a useful plant as ground cover in rough places. The handsome heads of hooded, violet flowers of the normal *Prunella grandiflora* are well worth having. But "Loveliness," which I spotted in an Alpine hayfield in N. Spain, has flower-heads of a lovely luminous lavender-blue. I have found it a good colonist, and plants here have produced more than one seedling with snow-white flowers.

Another satisfactory colonist in my garden is the annual *Oxalis rosea*, seeds of which I brought with me from South Chile, where I found a great plantation of *Pinus insignis*, carpeted with the 9-in. plants of lettuce-green with myriads of cool pink blossoms. At first I was a little apprehensive as to how it would behave in cultivation, for some of the oxalis species are weeds of terrifying fecundity. But *O. rosea* has always behaved with perfect restraint. Five or six years ago I sowed a little of the seed at the back of a bed under a wall facing north, in my garden, and there it has colonised in a most amiable way. The bed is 5 or 6 yards long by 6 or 8 ft. wide. Each spring seedlings come up, and all those at the back of the bed I allow to remain undisturbed. In the front half of the bed I pull out most of the youngsters along with any weeds that may appear. The plants flower almost without a pause till autumn, and are killed outright by the first hard frost.

It does not seem to be realised by many gardeners how willing some of our choicest plants are to colonise, and produce whole families of self-sown seedlings, if only they, or, rather, the ground around them were left unharmed, untortured—in the name of cultivation—by spade, hoe and widge. Fortunately, the woodland floor of the Savill Garden is left pleasantly unhoed, to the benefit of the Virginia cowslip and many other choice and lovely delights.

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A U.S. AIRMAN GOES BERSERK: THE TRAGIC SHOOTING AFFRAY IN KENT.



SHOT DEAD BY THE COLOURED U.S. AIRMAN NAPOLEON GREEN ON AUGUST 24: ACTING CORPORAL R. P. GRAYER, ROYAL AIR FORCE POLICE, AGED TWENTY-TWO.



THE U.S. AIRMAN WHO WENT BERSERK AND SHOT DEAD THREE MEN, INJURED NINE PEOPLE AND KILLED HIMSELF: NAPOLEON GREEN, AGED TWENTY-ONE.



FORCED BY NAPOLEON GREEN, WHO WAS ARMED WITH RIFLE AND PISTOL, TO DRIVE HIM TOWARDS MARGATE: MASTER SERGEANT ROWLEY MCDANIELS.



THE END OF THE BATTLE ON THE BEACH NEAR BROADSTAIRS: BRITISH POLICE AND ARMED U.S. AIR FORCE POLICE, WITH (BACKGROUND) A GROUP ROUND GREEN'S DEAD BODY.



WEAPONS SIMILAR TO THOSE WITH WHICH NAPOLEON GREEN KILLED THREE AND WOUNDED NINE INNOCENT PERSONS, INCLUDING TWO WOMEN: A '30 CARBINE AND A '45 SERVICE PISTOL.



ILLUSTRATING THE GUN BATTLE ON THE BEACH IN WHICH GREEN WAS BROUGHT TO BAY: AN AIR VIEW OF BROADSTAIRS, WITH ARROWS INDICATING THE DIFFERENT POINTS AT WHICH EVENTS OCCURRED IN THE TALE OF HORROR.



ILLUSTRATING THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAGIC SHOOTING: MANSTON CAMP, NEAR RAMSGATE, WITH ARROWS TO INDICATE WHERE SOME OF THE TERRIBLE EVENTS TOOK PLACE ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 24.

A terrible tragedy was enacted on August 24, in Kent. Napoleon Green, a coloured American airman, faced with the prospect of a court-martial, went berserk at the U.S. Air Force base at Manston, near Ramsgate (which is shared with the R.A.F.). Armed with a carbine and a pistol, he shot dead two American Servicemen, Master Sergeant Lawrence Valesquez, and Airman Second Class Nelson Gresham, and wounded another; and then shot dead Acting Corporal R. P. Grayer, R.A.F. He fired at a car containing two employees of the American Express

Company, Mr. Yeomans and Miss Ann Cockburn; and at another containing other civilian employees and wounded some of them; and then commandeered a car driven by Master Sergeant Rowley McDaniels, forcing him to drive towards Margate. When McDaniels was able to alight, he warned Margate police. Green reached Broadstairs beach, which was crowded with holidaymakers, and ran towards Joss Bay, pursued by armed U.S.A.F. police and British police officers (who did not fire any shots), and after being wounded, killed himself.

THE interest shown to-day in German militarism is easy to account for. The fact that Hitler and Hitlerism are still close at hand and still topical is not the only reason. More important still are the discussions on Western German rearmament and on the possibility of a reunion of the two Germanies. Many people have been asking uneasily whether we are not traversing over again ground too familiar. Factors and phases of the problem have been discussed in a number of books, but I know of one only which covers approximately the same ground as that now before me. The earlier work is that of Herr Walter Görlitz on the German General Staff, to the English edition of which I myself contributed an introduction. And though politics ran through every chapter of that work, its subject was the General Staff rather than politics. "The Politics of the Prussian Army, 1640-1945," could therefore not be more pertinent, though it must have been begun when the subject was rather less insistent than now. And it is hard to think of anyone better fitted to write it than Professor Gordon Craig of Princeton University.*

It is distinguished by learning, conscientiousness, and in the main by objectivity. It is clear and well-written, but if I add the epithet "readable" it is with the qualification that it may not be found so by those who like their reading to be easy. It is, in fact, an example of the more engaging but still solid type of professor's work. It starts with the Great Elector, but neither he nor Frederick the Great do more than provide a curtain-raiser. Frederick, a tremendous figure, whatever you think of him, is here only to establish that all-powerful bond between the Prussian Crown and the then almost wholly aristocratic corps of officers, and the prestige of the Prussian soldier. It is true that this prestige was to be dissolved in shame after Jena, but the eclipse was very short and the Prussian Army came out of the Napoleonic wars with a high reputation. Having made his bow to the statue of Frederick Rex, the author is anxious to get to the nineteenth century, because it is here that it is to be seen for the first time a conflict for the soul of the Army.

This first phase of the conflict was not fought between a military right wing and a civilian left wing, for the good reason that there was no left wing—none, at all events, which could open its mouth. On the other hand, there was a liberal-minded element within the Army, typified by the elder Boyen, which made some slight progress towards a more popular type of army. Professor Craig describes the movements of thought on the subject very clearly, but in dealing with the *Landwehr*, backed by the reformers because it seemed to stand for a more democratic principle than the regulars, he does not mention that one reason why the King and many officers regarded it with distrust was that it had not always displayed a good military spirit in action, though he does point out that it failed in post-war manoeuvres. He is justified in saying that the policy of reaction triumphed in 1819, when the wings of the *Landwehr* were clipped and Boyen resigned, but those who claimed that higher military efficiency was thereby attained must be allowed some point in their argument.

So on to the revolutionary year, 1848. Here, too, I venture to find some excuse—I promise it will be the last—for the rough, if not brutal, behaviour of the Army in Berlin which Professor Craig castigates. The general atmosphere of contemporary ideas is not enough to justify it—we may, in fact, say that they were part and parcel of it and as such deserving of reprehension. But the atmosphere of that year is another thing. It was terrifying. Lawless acts by a city populace assume a very different appearance when in other countries stark revolution is triumphing and sweeping away Governments. What is not open to doubt is that the steadiness of the Army made a strong impression on Prussian King, Crown Prince—who was to be German Emperor—officials, and military authorities. It was to be long before there was any need for worry about the attitude of the Army. This very fact was bad for the Army because it encouraged its impatience of civil control, its desire to take its orders only from the Crown, its sense of being a sacred, closed body in the nation.

The Danish war of 1864, as Professor Craig shows, established a precedent for tendencies which were to appear again and again and to continue in force at least until the First World War. Parliamentary opposition to militarism was often strong and even bold. Liberal and later Socialist opinion was opposed to war. But once the guns went off the opposition shrank to

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

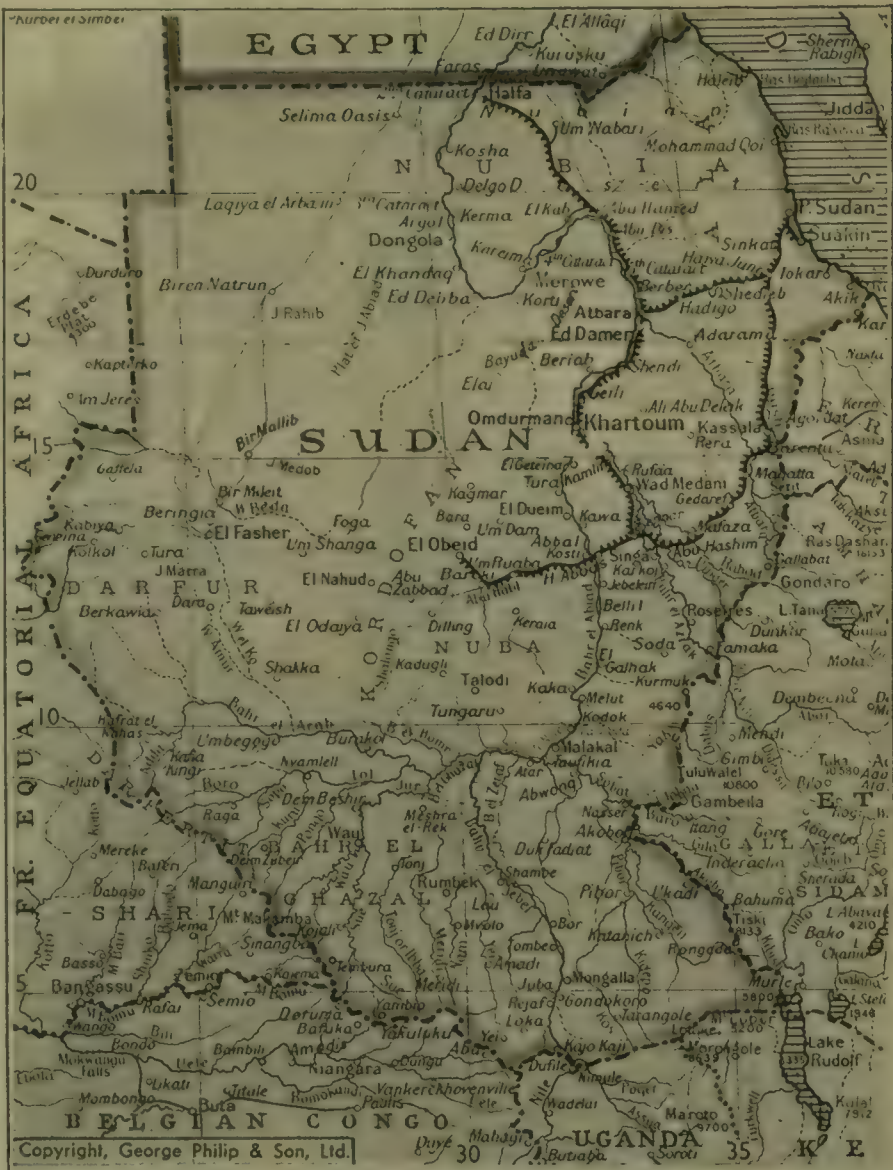
GERMAN MILITARISM AND POLITICS.

By CYRIL FALLS,
Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

something altogether petty and was, for the most part, transformed into enthusiasm. One may say that this happens to a greater or lesser extent in most countries. Yes, but in Germany it happened even when the Government in going to war violated the principles to which the critics had been pledged. Bismarck had counted on this development. He assuredly could not have maintained his course without it. The people and even the Chamber largely forgot in war not only their anti-militarism but their other grievances also.

The record of the German Government and of the Army in the initiation of the First World War is black. And it was in this war that the Army obtained the greatest measure of control, not only in the conduct of operations but in foreign policy. It is absurd to pretend that military authorities have not the right to speak and to have their advice considered as regards foreign

THE MUTINY IN SOUTHERN SUDAN.



BORDERED BY MORE THAN HALF A DOZEN TERRITORIES, EACH WITH ITS OWN DISTINCTIVE PEOPLES, THE SUDAN ITSELF IS A COUNTRY OF MANY RACES AND TRIBES. THE DISTRUST BETWEEN THE NORTH SUDANESE AND THE WIDELY DIFFERENT PEOPLES OF THE SOUTH IS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RECENT MUTINY.

The Sudan Government announced on August 19 that a mutiny had broken out among troops at the remote town of Torit, in the far south. There, 360 southern soldiers of the Equatorial Corps forced their northern officers to flee, following some bloodshed. The Government declared a state of emergency in the three southern provinces of Equatoria, Bahr el Ghazal and Upper Nile, and Egypt proposed to Britain that British and Egyptian troops should be sent to deal with the rebellion. In rejecting this suggestion, Britain was reinforced by Sudanese Government statements that the mutiny was subsiding and that no outside help would be required. Later reports from the southern provinces indicated that, so far from subsiding, what had originally been a mutiny was beginning to assume the character of a popular rising, and that wide areas of Equatoria province were no longer under Government control. Northern troops were ferried by air to Juba, the provincial capital, as a precautionary measure. In a broadcast to the rebels, the Governor-General, Sir Knox Helm, called upon them to surrender, promising a "full and fair investigation" of their grievances. It is thought that the mutiny had its origin in the distrust of the southern Sudanese for their northern officers and officials. This distrust is traditional, based upon a disparity of race, religion and environment. The inhabitants of the south are mostly Nilotic and other pagans; those of the north are Muslims, with a good deal of Arab blood. The Sudanese Prime Minister stated that documents found on some of the mutineers indicated "a foreign conspiracy."

policy even in peace. In the mid-'thirties, for example, the British Chiefs of Staff advised the Government to maintain the best possible relations with Italy, and the Cabinet, in view of the danger from Germany and Japan, agreed. That the policy inevitably broke down in the end is neither here nor there. But the British Chiefs of Staff did not dictate foreign policy. In several cases the German *Oberheeresleitung* did. And the historian is justified in asserting that some of the results were not to Germany's advantage. The war Chancellors were not Bismarcks—that was not their fault—and saw their duty in making themselves subservient to the fighting services—and that was their fault.

Something of the same sort happened after the war. It has been established that Stresemann was aware of

the secret violations of the Treaty of Versailles. From 1930 the initiative of the military authorities reached its height. "There is no period in German history," writes Professor Craig, "in which representatives of the Army intervened more frequently and more directly in the internal politics of the country; but, it must be added, there is no period in which the results of this intervention were more unfortunate." Having been for long years purely, and being still partly, myself a military historian, I take a tart pleasure in noting that when the civilian military historian comes on a juicy piece of pure politics, he is really at home. Here he can estimate motives more closely than when military affairs are intermingled with politics. Hardly anything in the book is as fine or as revealing as Professor Craig's handling of the political manoeuvres, brilliant in their way, of Kurt von Schleicher.

His end, like that of some millions of others, was to be murdered by the Nazis. In the next phase we see the Army at its nadir. It did not lift a finger when Schleicher and Bredow were murdered. An exception must be made in favour of General Freiherr von Hammerstein. His own political record had been murky, and he had been ready to enter a pact under which the Army and the Nazis should share the domination of Germany. Yet, with the aid of the ancient Field Marshal von Mackensen, who had served in the Franco-Prussian War, he did afterwards induce Hitler to make a formal acknowledgement of the falsity of the charge that Schleicher had had treasonable relations with a foreign enemy. This, however, was divulged only to senior officers and was not made public. By now officers, especially the younger, were becoming favourable to the Nazis. The process was inevitably hastened by the expansion of the Army.

Nemesis struck the Army justly and on the basis of its record. It had been ready to suppress the opinions of decent, honourable, and patriotic men as well as thugs like the Spartacists. Now it stood by when even worse thugs seized power and had even been prepared to share it with them. So a situation developed which was the converse of that which preceded the First World War. Now the Army was driven into a war which it did not want—which it disliked, not for moral reasons, but because it considered it to be madness. A chance of averting it by forcible action still remained, but no one with a sufficient combination of nerve and authority could be found to seize it. A military autocracy might have been established, and even that would have been preferable to Nazi rule. And Nemesis added irony to her sentence. Hitler judged the military capacity of Germany better than the military professionals and came nearer to winning the war than they had thought possible.

The Prussian Army when it took solid shape, long before the establishment of the German Empire, started with a principle in itself far from dishonourable and which Professor Craig, citizen of a republic—but a republic which makes one man something near an autocrat and *ex officio* Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces for a term of years—treats too harshly. It was bound to the Crown by solemn bonds and took its orders from the Sovereign himself. Its position was, to begin with, consonant with the letter of the constitution. It had the right to regret any weakening of this privileged position, but none to intrigue for its maintenance. Each victory won by such means, even if small in itself, weakened its morality and tempted it to do more next time. The complexity of mobilisation, the need to get a good start, the virtual impossibility of reversing the process when started, contributed to the danger thus created. But the worst sinners were not the older reactionaries. They were the men who paved the way for the First World War, its chief military figure Ludendorff, and a series of clever but weak intriguers in the period between the wars.

It is on this final weakness that the historian concentrates in his last words. "What they failed to demonstrate in these last desperate years (of the war) was what they had failed to demonstrate when Hitler stood on the threshold of the Chancellorship in 1933, what they had failed to demonstrate when he loosed his murderers on the land in June 1934, what they had failed to demonstrate when Schleicher was killed and Fritsch disgraced: namely, any trace of the moral courage, the spiritual independence, and the deep patriotism which had marked the careers of such great soldiers of the past as Scharnhorst, Boyen, and Gneisenau. Without these things, their other gifts were without value; and they themselves were powerless to avert the disaster which had been so largely the result of their political irresponsibility."

* "The Politics of the Prussian Army, 1640-1945." By Gordon A. Craig. (Oxford: Clarendon Press: 50s.)



AN AIRBORNE MAID-OF-ALL-WORK: THE HANDLEY PAGE HERALD, A NEW COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT DUE TO BE PUBLICLY SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE FARNBOROUGH AIR DISPLAY.

A world-wide survey of the needs of nearly every airline in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia and South America led Handley Page investigators to the conclusion that there existed a wide demand for a short-route general-purpose airliner, capable of operating, if necessary, from primitive airfields under a wide range of climatic conditions. Handley Page have met this demand with the *Herald*, a robust and versatile four-engined pressurised high-wing monoplane which can carry up to forty-four passengers, or more than 4½ tons of freight, or combinations of both, over short to medium stages at cruising speeds greater than 200 m.p.h. It has excellent take-off and landing performances—vitaly necessary under the conditions in which it may well be called upon to operate—and a running economy which is bound to appeal

to operators both in undeveloped areas and in countries already served by a complicated network of routes. The essence of the *Herald* is contained in the three words: robustness, reliability and simplicity. The flying speed is not great by modern standards, but in the conditions for which the *Herald* is envisaged—comparatively short stages in anything varying from tropical heat to extreme cold—more speed is of no fundamental importance. If ever there was an airborne maid-of-all-work, the *Herald* is it. Designed primarily for those areas of the world where flying is not solely an accessory to normal methods of communication but an essential—often, indeed, the only means of travel and of freight conveyance. There is little it cannot do to satisfy pilot, maintenance engineer, passenger and operator alike. In

a comfortable pressurised cabin it can carry thirty-six first-class or forty-four tourist passengers. Alternatively, the seats fold against the side of the fuselage, giving spacious freight accommodation when required. In the mixed version, passenger and freight compartments are separated by a movable partition. Pressurisation enables the aircraft to climb to a service ceiling of 24,500 ft. without discomfort to passengers. Twin-engined aircraft have numerous advantages, but the four underslung Alvis *Leonides Major* engines of the *Herald* provide maximum safety, particularly at high-altitude aerodromes in the tropics, where twin-engined aircraft are liable to meet disaster if an engine cuts on take-off. Piston-engines are used because they are preferred by the majority of operators whose aircraft must fly from small aerodromes

with the minimum of facilities, particularly those of landing and take-off. Furthermore, the simple piston-engine is not adversely affected either in performance or in economics by operating from high-altitude tropical air-strips. The aircraft normally carries a crew of two—a captain and a first-officer/navigator. A radio operator can be carried in addition if necessary. A prototype of the Handley Page *Herald* is scheduled to be on view at the Farnborough Air Show opening on September 6 (to the general public on September 9). Deliveries for airline service are planned to begin in 1957. At the time of writing, off-the-drawing-board orders for twenty-nine of this aircraft have already been placed with the manufacturers by Australian National Airways, Queensland Airlines and Lloyd Aero Colombiano.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY C. E. TURNER.

ON VIEW TO THE WORLD AT FARNBOROUGH: AIRCRAFT IN BRITAIN'S GREAT AIR SHOW.



AN ANTI-SUBMARINE AIRCRAFT FOR COASTAL COMMAND: THE SHORT SEAWORM. THIS AIRCRAFT HAS A FIXED UNDERCARRIAGE, AND CAN OPERATE FROM MAKE-SHIFT RUNWAYS.



THE STRANGE TAIL OF A SUPERSONIC FIGHTER, CLAIMED TO BE THE MOST POWERFUL OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD: THE TWIN-ENGINE DELTA-WINGED GLOSTER JAVELIN.



THE FIRST FRONT-LINE FIGHTER TO BE DESIGNED AND BUILT IN CANADA: THE CF. 100, BUILT BY A. V. ROE OF CANADA; CAPABLE OF TRANSONIC SPEEDS.



FITTED EXPERIMENTALLY WITH AN *ELAND* AIRSCREW-TURBINE ENGINE, BEING DEVELOPED BY D. HARTER AND SON: THE AIRSPEED TREASURER.



A RESEARCH AIRCRAFT WITH A STREAMLINED NOSE THAT CAN BE LOWERED IN FLIGHT TO GIVE A GOOD FORWARD VIEW FOR LANDING: THE FAIREY DELTA 2.



A LATER VERSION OF AN AIRCRAFT THAT ATTAINED, AND STILL HOLDS, THE WORLD'S ALTITUDE RECORD: THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC CANBERRA, FITTED WITH THE NEW OLYMPUS ENGINE.



AN AIR-TO-AIR PHOTOGRAPH OF BRITAIN'S NEW TURBO-PROP AIRLINER: THE FIRST PRODUCTION MODEL OF THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA MARK 100.



RE-EMERGING AS A GREAT AIRLINER: THE DE HAVILLAND COMET III., APPEALING TO BRITISH AIRLINES AND TO OVERSEAS BUYERS ALIKE.

At the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' flying display which is due to open at Farnborough on September 6 (September 9 to the public), spectators will see all manners and shapes of aircraft, filling a thousand different civil or military rôles. They will see the S-55 helicopter, the passenger or freight transports, including the *Twin Pioneer* and the *Handley Page Herald*, commercial airliners such as the *Bristol Britannia* and the *de Havilland Comet* III, now to take its rightful place again in the forefront of civil aviation. Service aircraft will range from the *Provost* trainer, in which young potential pilots will learn at the very beginning of their careers the practical elements of jet flying, to the



SHORTLY TO BECOME BRITAIN'S FRONT-LINE FIGHTER: THE HAWKER HUNTER, A SWEEP-WING FIGHTER THAT HELD THE WORLD'S AIR SPEED RECORD FOR A TIME.



THE FIRST BRITISH AIRCRAFT DESIGNED TO EXCEED THE SPEED OF SOUND IN LEVEL FLIGHT: THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC P.1 TWIN-JET FIGHTER.



ANOTHER ADDITION TO BRITAIN'S BOMBER STRENGTH: THE VICKERS VALIANT FOUR-ENGINE JET BOMBER, WHICH WILL FLY FAST AT FARNBOROUGH.



BUILT TO TRAIN POTENTIAL PILOTS IN THE USE OF JET AIRCRAFT AT THE BEGINNING OF THEIR FLYING CAREER: THE PROTOSET JET TRAINER.

Canadian CF. 100 jet fighter, the first front-line fighter to be designed and built in Canada. Production or prototype-production versions of the famous *Victor*, *Valiant* and *Vulcan* jet bombers will demonstrate that size is no bar to speed and manoeuvrability, and Britain's fighter strength will be represented by the *Hunter*, the *Swift*, the *Javelin*, the long-nosed *Fairey Delta 2*, and the supersonic *English Electric P.1*. Much interest is also likely to be aroused by the little *Gnat* fighter, and after its recent transatlantic feat, the *Canberra* will doubtless receive a hearty welcome. All in all, this year's display should emphasize the vitality of the British aircraft industry in both its civil and its military aspects.

FROM THE BRITANNIA TO THE P.1 FIGHTER: A CIVIL AND MILITARY AIR PARADE.



IN SUPER PRIORITY PRODUCTION FOR THE R.A.F.: THE REMARKABLE AVRO VULCAN DELTA-WINGED BOMBER. DETAILS OF SPEEDS AND CEILINGS ARE STILL SECRET.



THE WORLD'S FIRST CRESCENT-WING JET BOMBER: THE HANDLEY PAGE VICTOR, KNOWN TO FLY NEAR THE SPEED OF SOUND AND TO REACH OVER 50,000 FT.



A SINGLE-SEAT JET FIGHTER WHICH HELD FOR A TIME THE WORLD'S AIR SPEED RECORD AND HAS ESTABLISHED OTHER RECORDS: THE SUPERMARINE SWIFT F.4.



STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES; SOME OF THE UNUSUAL MARINE ANIMALS WHICH YOU

This year we have been enjoying a fine summer and people living particularly on our south-west coast, or spending their holidays there, may have seen or heard of unusual marine visitors to our shores. The toe of England, the south-western peninsula comprising Cornwall, Devon and Somerset, is directed towards sub-tropical and tropical mid-Atlantic. It is appropriate that the seaman-adventurers of four centuries ago should have cast their gaze in the direction which would ultimately take them to the West Indies and surrounding waters. Geographically to a lesser extent, and historically in a greater degree, the south-west is linked with that far-away bright known comprehensively as the Gulf of Mexico. In a physical sense there is a similar but more persistent link, although it traverses a less direct route. The warm waters of the Gulf Stream, originating in the Gulf of Mexico, pass into the eastern North Atlantic and, at a point approximating

to Cape Hatteras, on the eastern American seaboard, are continued across the Atlantic as the North Atlantic Drift. These waters engage the British Isles in a piners-movement, with one prong directed at the mouth of the English Channel, the other passing up the west coast of Ireland, to lose itself further north. One result of this influx of warmer water is the tendency in those localities affected by it to enjoy milder weather. Another result, especially when accompanied by persistent south-west winds, is the invasion of our shores and coasts by fish and other marine animals not normally found here. This year, for example, flying fish have been reported off the most southerly coast of Cornwall. Admittedly they were few in number, stragglers rather than an invasion in force. The same is generally true for other unusual fish reported from year to year, some of which are shown in the above drawing. It could be, of course, that the numbers of

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.



MAY HAVE COME ACROSS, OR MAY YET SEE, DURING YOUR SEASIDE HOLIDAY THIS SUMMER.

unusual fish reported represent the fickleness of the catch rather than serving as a true guide to the actual quantities that reach our shores. All we can say is that the distribution of marine fishes generally is linked with water-temperatures and the movement north-eastwards of warmer masses of water is likely to cause a displacement also of their populations. The same can be said for octopus and others living below the surface. In considering unfamiliar marine visitors we must also note those falling into another category, the surface-dwellers; with these, persistent winds play a greater part than movements of water masses. In a year of continuing south-westerly winds, even when the weather is not noticeably set fair, numbers of *Physalia* may come in. These jelly-fish are also known as Portuguese men-o'-war, and, elsewhere in the world, as bluebottles. The first name springs from a fancied resemblance to the shape of battleships of former times, the second

to the colour of the air-filled bladder, the only part of the animal not submerged. The numbers of *Physalia* to reach the British Isles are, however, trivial compared with the abundance stranded regularly on coasts nearer the equator. Among the marine animals shown in this drawing is the twaites shad, a fish which was once quite common but has now been reduced in numbers—probably due to river pollution—but still comes to our shores with the warm currents. Another of the marine waifs and strays that often comes in is the curiously-shaped *Velella*, with its vertical sail rising from a plate-like float. Under favourable wind conditions these may be stranded by the thousand as far east as the Dorset coast or beyond. The regular appearance of these and other visitors may, in former times, have suggested unexplored lands beyond the western horizon and so prompted our great explorers to venture into the apparently limitless seas lying to the westward.

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. AGE CANNOT WITHER.

By FRANK DAVIS.

IT has sometimes been remarked—or alleged—that we English—no, we British—honour old age, not because we have any feelings of ancestral piety, but because we are fascinated by records and take a sporting interest in the mere fact that somebody has long since passed the Psalmist's age-limit and is well on the way to his century; we keep glancing at the score-board in the hope that the magic number will go up. (Amateur detectives will no doubt deduce from the above that these words are written during the fifth Test Match at the Oval; their deductions are correct.) It must be confessed that, in this matter of longevity, popular opinion is not particularly concerned about the quality of the player but only with his capacity to survive; we are still liable to believe the veriest dunderhead to be wonderful, even though his only claim on our attention is his continued existence.

I would like to say something about a man I met for the first time last year, who survived that experience, and who celebrated his ninetieth birthday two months ago, but I want to talk about him not because, as we reckon time, he is old, but for the opposite reason—that he is so confoundingly young and adventurous, and by that I don't mean to suggest ancientry aping the superficial physical spryness of youth, but the rapier-like alertness of mind we associate, so often wrongly, with a man's salad days. Bernard Berenson had always been something of a legendary figure as far as I was concerned. The most formidable of all experts on Italian painting during what we may call the Duveen age—that is, from about the year 1900, onwards, when American millionaires began to compete with one another for the treasures of European art. Like many others of my generation, I looked upon him with enormous respect as a specialist with a unique knowledge of his enchanting subject; I took him for granted as one of the most civilised of contemporary writers upon painting. I don't think I ever thought of him as a distinct individual until I read his "Rumour and Reflection," his diary of the years 1941 to 1944, when, at a mere rising eighty, he watched the war come nearer and nearer to his villa on the hills overlooking Florence, and was indeed scorched by its hot breath; and the self-revealing "Sketch for a Self-Portrait" of 1949, and the "Æsthetics and History" of 1950, with its dedication to "Denman Ross and Kingsley Porter in Elysium. May we meet there and quarrel as merrily as we have here on earth."

Clearly the sort of man, irrespective of Anno Domini, one would like to talk to; and then, out of the blue, came an invitation from him as a result of something I said on this page. And to-day a parcel has arrived—a little volume containing a bibliography of all he has ever written. It starts in 1894—yes, 1894—with "The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance," which, together with the other volumes on the Central Italian Painters, the Florentines and the North Italian Painters, which came out in 1897, 1900 and 1907 respectively, has been published by Phaidon as a single book with a wealth of illustrations sixty years later; a classic of criticism if ever there was one. The list ends in 1955, and I for one, after my conversation with him, am confident that (*Deo Volente*, of course) other pages will be required.

And what sort of a man is this? He is slight, spare, trim, as fastidious in his dress as in his writing, and no red carnation ever looked more at home in a lapel than in his; eyes a greyish-blue, hands small and neat, grey beard close cut. He gives the impression, I would say, of timelessness rather than of age, and, oddly, of being somehow immune from fatigue—which is merely, I suspect, a trite and clumsy way of explaining that one is liable to take such pleasure in the give-and-take

of his conversation that time seems to stand still. He speaks of his contributions to scholarship with very proper pride, and can laugh at himself as he laughs at others—he once called on G. B. Shaw, who refused to see him, on the ground that he, B. B., was not a painter but only a fellow who wrote about painting. In due course, he seems to think, his writings will be forgotten; what he hopes will remain is his library, the slow, scholarly accumulation of a lifetime, a magnificent collection of every book on art published during the past half-century, plus an unrivalled collection of photographs, housed in an addition to his villa built in 1930—a beautiful echo of the Laurentian Library in Florence. Library, villa and terraced garden, with its grove of holm oaks and cypress avenue, planted by himself about forty years ago, will, in God's good time, belong to Harvard. His one fear for the future is not that the library might be destroyed in some revolutionary upheaval but that politicians, with a squalid materialism as their only ideal, would not continue to spend money in making it useful. He writes with apparently effortless grace and lucidity in English, French, German and Italian (and, for all I know, in other tongues), and I rather suspect that, if challenged to discourse upon either politics or art or prehistory in, say, Esquimaux, he would be able to do so; if not perhaps to-day, without fail by next Tuesday week; he is that sort of man. Nor, as one might imagine from his reputation as the greatest of experts in

the history of Italian art, is he unaware of the delights of other schools. I quote a letter written by him as long ago as 1908 to "The Nation" protesting against the following sentences: "Some of the younger artists have surprisingly good and new work, along with direct insults to eyes and understanding. Such is Henri Matisse, who forgets that beholders are not all fools, and that it is not necessary to do differently



"THE MOST FORMIDABLE OF ALL EXPERTS ON ITALIAN PAINTING DURING WHAT WE MAY CALL THE DUVEEN AGE—THAT IS, FROM ABOUT THE YEAR 1900 ONWARDS . . .": MR. BERNARD BERENSON.

Mr. Bernard Berenson, to whom Frank Davis pays tribute on this page, was born on June 26, 1865, and educated at Boston Latin School and Harvard. He is a leading authority on Italian painting, and the doyen of art experts. His first book, "Venetian Painters of the Renaissance," was published in 1894, and has been followed by a long series of distinguished and brilliant works on various aspects of Italian painting. The portrait which we reproduce formed the frontispiece of "Sketch for a Self-Portrait," published by Constable in 1949, by whose courtesy it is reproduced.

from all other artists." He counters as follows:

"Will you allow one of the fools whom Matisse has thoroughly taken in to protest against these phrases? They are more hackneyed than the oldest mumblings in the most archaic extant rituals. There is nothing so hoary in the sacrificial Vedas. They have been uttered with head-shakings in Akkadian, in Egyptian, in Babylonian, in Mycenaean, in the language of the Double-Ax, in all the Pelasgic dialects, in proto-Doric, in Hebrew, and in every living and dead tongue of Western Europe, wherever an artist has appeared whose work was not as obvious as the 'best-seller' . . . Henri Matisse seems to me to think of everything in the world rather than the need of 'doing differently from all other artists.' On the contrary, I have the conviction that he has, after twenty years of very earnest searching, at last found the great highroad travelled by all the best masters of the visual arts for the last sixty centuries at least. Indeed, he is singularly like them in every essential respect. He is a magnificent draughtsman and a great designer. Of his colour I do not venture to speak. Not that it displeases me—far from it. But I can better understand its failing to charm at first; for colour is something we Europeans are still singularly uncertain of—we are easily frightened by the slightest divergence from the normal." It is possible that many who glance at this page are unaware of his reputation and have never set eyes upon a book by him; they can be quite sure of this—that if at any time anywhere in the world, they go for advice about an Italian picture or drawing, the man they ask will inevitably be, to some extent at least, a Berenson disciple who has, willy-nilly, acquired his knowledge as a result of this great scholar's researches over so long a period.

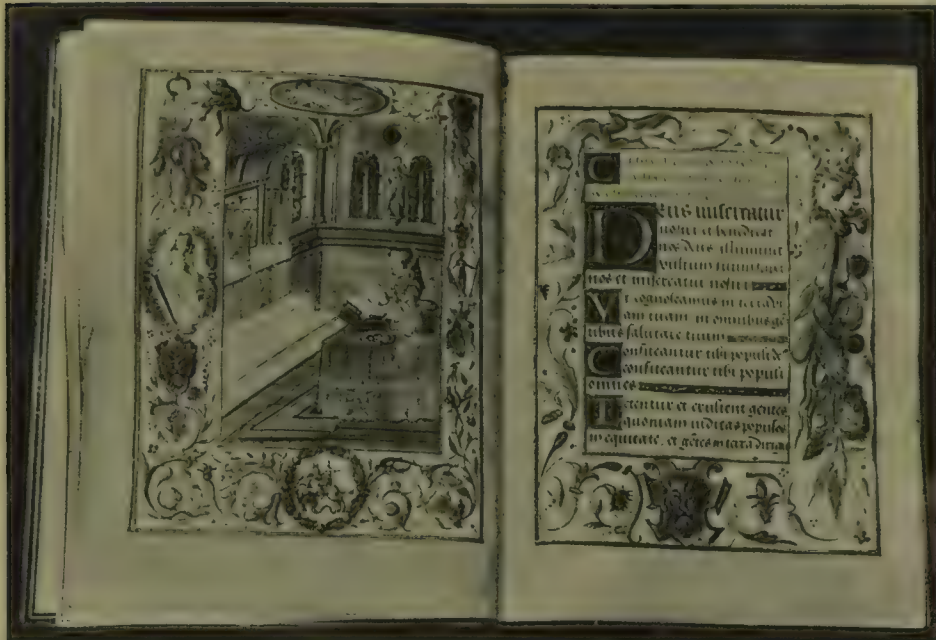


DETAIL FROM "THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST," BY PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA—AS AN ARTIST MORE GIFTED THAN HIS TEACHERS, DOMENICO VENEZIANO AND PAOLO UCCELLO.

Of Piero della Francesca (1416?-1492), Mr. Berenson wrote in "Italian Painters of the Renaissance": "The pupil of Domenico Veneziano in characterization, of Paolo Uccello in perspective . . . as an artist he was more gifted than either of his teachers. . . . It may be questioned whether another painter has ever presented a world more complete and convincing, has ever had an ideal more majestic, or ever endowed things with more heroic significance." This detail from the National Gallery "Baptism of Christ" formed a plate in "The Italian Painters of the Renaissance," with 400 illustrations (1952) published by Phaidon Press.

By courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL TREASURES: NOW ON PERMANENT EXHIBITION.



(LEFT.)
MARY TUDOR'S
MANUAL FOR THE
BLESSING OF CRAMP
RINGS AND TOUCHING
FOR THE KING'S EVIL:
THE ILLUMINATED
MINIATURE SHOWING
HER MAJESTY IN A
PRIVATE CHAPEL AT
PRAYER WITH THE
CRAMP RINGS IN
DISHS BESIDE HER.

(RIGHT.)
MARY TUDOR'S
MANUAL FOR THE
BLESSING OF CRAMP
RINGS AND TOUCHING
FOR THE KING'S EVIL:
THE ILLUMINATED
MINIATURE SHOWING
HER MAJESTY PER-
FORMING THE RITE
OF TOUCHING FOR
THE KING'S EVIL ON
AN AFFLICTED CHILD.



BEARING THE ANTWERP MARK 1669: A JEWELLED
SILVER-GILT FLEMISH MONSTRANCE BY JEAN MAERMANS,
THE CROWN SET WITH CABOCHON EMERALDS.



MADE BY MR. OMAR RAMSDEN: A MODERN
SILVER-GILT JEWELLED MONSTRANCE WITH
LIMOGES ENAMEL PLAQUES, THE FRONT
SET WITH BRILLIANTS AND PEARL.



SET WITH RUBIES, CABOCHON EMERALDS AND SINGLE-
CUT DIAMONDS: A SPANISH GOLD AND ENAMELLED
MONSTRANCE DATING FROM C. 1620.



A GILT METAL MITRE, BY TRADITION USED BY BISHOP CHALLONER
(1691-1781): AND CHALICES—THAT ON THE LEFT HALL-MARK 1529.



A GOLD PIX, THE ONLY KNOWN EXAMPLE OF ROMAN CATHOLIC PLATE MADE IN THE REIGN OF
CHARLES I.: AND (RIGHT) OUR LADY'S CROWN, DESIGNED AND MADE IN 1929 BY MR. OMAR RAMSDEN.

Westminster Cathedral Treasures are now on permanent exhibition in the Sacristy, and include objects of exceptional interest. The Manual of Mary Tudor for the Blessing of Cramp Rings and Touching for the King's Evil contains full-page miniatures showing her Majesty performing the rite of touching for the King's Evil, and of her praying for blessing on the Cramp Rings. These rings, no authentic example of which is known, are believed to have been plain hoops

made from the gold and silver of the Royal offerings on Good Friday, and were rubbed by the Royal hands and blessed. They were thought to provide a cure for the "Cramp." The monk and prelate depicted in the miniature are believed to be the Abbot Feckenham of Westminster and Bishop Tunstall of Durham. The gold Pix is the only known example of Catholic plate made in England in the reign of Charles I., when to make or own such a thing was a capital crime.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



"PROTECTIVE COLOURING" IN A GENET.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

ON previous occasions on this page I have referred to the patterns worn by zebras and giraffes and have expressed scepticism of their value as protective coloration. I have as a result received a number of letters on this subject and these can, with few exceptions, be divided into two groups. There are those who uphold the view that these patterns are protective, and refer me to the words of a particular author as evidence in support of this view. The other group includes letters from those with first-hand experience of big game, who reject the view. One of these is Lieut.-Colonel J. Stevenson-Hamilton, who kindly permits me to quote from his writings. Before doing so, however, it may be appropriate to dip into the writings of Theodore Roosevelt. He says, quite categorically: "Very much of what is commonly said about 'protective coloration' has no basis whatever in fact." Then he continues: "Black and white are normally the most conspicuous colors in nature (and yet are borne by numerous creatures who have succeeded well in the struggle for life); but almost any tint, or combination of tints, among the grays, browns and duns, harmonizes fairly well with at least some surroundings, in most landscapes." He deals particularly with giraffe and zebra. Of the first, he points out that its colouring may, "under certain circumstances, and in an infinitesimally small number of cases, put it at a slight disadvantage in the struggle for life, in the enormous number of cases—a majority so great as to make the remaining cases negligible—it has no effect, one way or the other. . . ."

At one time, zebra and hartebeest were the most abundant game animals on the plains of Africa, the one is striped black and white (with dun shadow stripes in some instances), the other is dun. Yet nobody has ever suggested that the hartebeest were at a disadvantage because of this. Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton writes in much the same vein. "As regards immobility as a safeguard, I have had similar experiences to that of Selous, of which I think the most striking was when a lion passed me sitting beside a small thin bush at a measured distance of seven feet, without noticing me at all, although it is true he was

group of acacias and at first invisible. The point here, it seems to me, is that as soon as the eye caught the giraffe it was no longer invisible, in spite of its pattern. Whatever may be the truth, one thing is clear—that this subject is controversial; so it seemed worth while to make a few first-hand observations. Unfortunately, I have no first-hand experience of African wild game in its natural habitat, and it was necessary to make a guinea-pig out of a genet. I have already introduced

room in an annexe to one side of the house, and through its window is free to wander into a large wire-netting compound backed on its far side by a tall, dense hedge and furnished inside with boughs and foliage. Her living quarters are, therefore, as near as we can contrive to a natural habitat. She is free to follow her natural time-table, and this is a very regular one. She emerges from her sleeping quarters just after sundown, but does not become really active until it is growing dark.

A genet's diet seems to consist of small mammals, birds, insects and fruit. The last two we can ignore in discussing protective colouring. The small mammals, mainly mice, rats, shrews and the like, are more disturbed by movement than by the actual sight of an intruder. A genet's movements are silent, in almost snake-like slow-motion, interspersed with lightning dashes. This is so for ordinary activities; when hunting one can imagine both are accentuated. It is easy to see that the odds are heavily against the small mammals. Indeed, one can say that a genet hunts somewhat like a domesticated cat and we know from experience that they catch mice, rats and shrews efficiently whether they are coloured black, white or tortoiseshell. A genet is largely arboreal, and whether we suppose that its bird victims are ground-nesting or roosting birds, either would be taken by the silent, stealthy stalking followed by a final lightning dash or pounce. Since, also, the genet hunts mainly at night, it is difficult to believe that colour would influence the bird's chance of escape. And again one can make a comparison with the stark colours of domestic cats, which claim many birds in the course of a season, even when hunting in full daylight.

Taking the nocturnal habits, the method of hunting and the senses of the victims all into consideration, it is very difficult to believe that a genet's colours have any influence on its hunting. Is the pattern of its coat a protection against its own enemies? Has it any particular enemies? A swiftly-moving, well-armed, vicious carnivore like a genet must be in little danger from anything but human firearms.

All this is so very much theory with me, for I know little of the natural habits of a genet in the wild. On the other hand, I have watched our *Jennie* for long



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELECTRONIC FLASH: THE GENET AS SHE WAS LEAVING HER SLEEPING-BOX.

our tame genet—rather unimaginatively named by us *Jennie*—and I put the problem to her.

A genet seems, on the face of it, to have a protective coloration in full measure. The body is a silver-grey, marked with a black line along the middle of the back, and with rows of spots or blotches along the sides of the body. These, in the region of the neck, become confluent to form lines or streaks. The tail is marked with black-and-white rings and the face also is patterned in black and white. When first I wrote about *Jennie*



AS THE LIGHT FADES: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GENET OVERPRINTED IN AN ATTEMPT TO SIMULATE THE APPEARANCE OF THE ANIMAL IN THE HALF-LIGHT. THE INTEREST HERE IS THAT IT SHOWS HOW THE WHITE PATCHES ON THE FACE STAND OUT BY COMPARISON WITH THE WHITE ON THE REST OF THE BODY.



THE IMPRESSION OF A PHANTOM OF THE GENET DUE TO THE PARTIAL VISIBILITY OF THE WHITE MARKINGS IN DARKNESS. ALTHOUGH THIS PICTURE HAS BEEN FAKED, IT DOES REPRESENT THE APPEARANCE OF THE GENET AFTER DARK.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

moving at a canter, having been disturbed by my natives. He had a considerable distance to come from covert before he passed this bush, and being unwounded it is certain that, had he realized a human being was in his path, he would have taken quite another direction or at least shied away if he had noticed me when close. As it was, he merely cantered slowly past in an unconcerned way. But as Selous says, even a wounded animal searching with his eyes for his enemy, will fail to notice him at anything over 20 paces if he keeps perfectly still and *has not got anything white in the way of apparel.*" (The italics are mine.) Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton gives other examples in his book "Wild Life in South Africa" (Cassells, 1954).

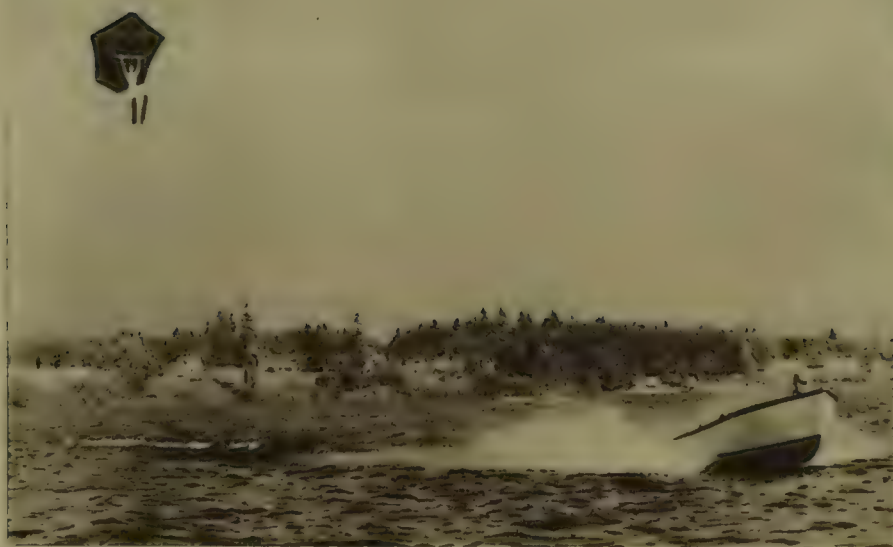
A few other letters, not included in the two groups already detailed, recounted isolated instances such as one in which the writer described a giraffe standing in a

I described the blotches on her body as black. In fact, they vary from black to a rusty brown, sometimes the black predominating, but more often rusty brown. I have, on several occasions, watched these closely and seen the colour change from black to brown without any change in the genet's position, or mine, or in the quality of the light. It can only be assumed that there was some slight change in the position of the hairs composing the blotches, due to muscular contraction in the skin, but this was not apparent. What its significance may be is difficult to say.

Taking the genet's coat pattern as a whole, it would seem theoretically to constitute almost a classic example of protective coloration, directly comparable with the stripes of the zebra, the reticulated coat of the giraffe, the disruptive pattern of the wild cat, and so on. It should be, therefore, ideal for direct observation of its value in conferring invisibility. *Jennie* occupies a

periods in differing intensities of light, from varying heights, from varying distances, and under varying circumstances, with her stationary or moving, against a background of sand, earth, grass, green foliage, or dried leaves. In daylight she is never invisible. In bright moonlight she is conspicuous. In the twilight or in moderate darkness (and, close to, even in complete darkness) her body tends to disappear just as did the Cheshire cat, but she leaves behind the equivalent of the grin. Under all the conditions of darkness her ears, throat, belly, paws and the white rings on her tail can still be seen. *Jennie* disappears, but a phantom remains. As to the white patches on her face, these appear almost luminescent. Anything that cannot see her in the dark must indeed be myopic, and protective camouflage has no value in such eyes. It was for this reason I underlined Colonel Stevenson-Hamilton's remark about wearing white.

LAND, SEA, AND AIR: TRIUMPHS OF CRAFT,
ENGINEERING, AND HUMAN INGENUITY.



HOW TO SKI ON AIR—OVER WATER; OR THREE SPORTS IN ONE. THE BAIRD BROTHERS OF EVERETT, WASHINGTON, ADDING A THIRD DIMENSION TO WATER-SKI-ING. This impressive demonstration was given by the brothers George and Tony Baird of Everett, Washington. One brother drives the speedboat, which tows the other brother on water-skis and carrying a kite. When a speed of 34 m.p.h. is reached, the ski-er becomes airborne and heights of over 100 ft. can be reached, it is said.



COMING IN TO LAND AFTER MAKING ITS FIRST FLIGHT: THE AMERICAN BELL XV-3 CONVERTIPLANE—A HELICOPTER COMBINED WITH AN ORDINARY AIRCRAFT. This experimental aircraft which, the U.S. Defence Department announced on August 26, made its first flight recently in Texas, takes off as a helicopter and then, having gained height, tilts its rotors through 90 degrees to act as ordinary airscrews for high-speed and long-distance flight, the rotors being mounted on wings.



SHORTLY TO MAKE TRIAL RUNS ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND PENNSYLVANIAN RAILWAYS: A NEW AMERICAN LIGHTWEIGHT STREAMLINED TRAIN OF UNCONVENTIONAL DESIGN. IT HAS TEN COACHES AND CAN CARRY 400 PASSENGERS AT AN OPERATING COST WHICH IS ESTIMATED TO BE 60 PER CENT. LESS THAN THAT OF ANY TRAIN AT PRESENT IN SERVICE.



WIMBORNE-IN-WIMBORNE MINSTER, DORSET: VISITORS WALKING THROUGH THE ONE-TENTH MODEL OF THE VILLAGE, WHICH HAS BEEN COMPLETED AFTER THREE YEARS. Two men working full-time for three years, with part-time assistance from three others, have recently completed this detailed model of the village of Wimborne Minster, in Dorset. The model church has a striking clock, stained-glass windows and a model organ, which works.



RIDING ON TOP OF THE WAVES: A CONVENTIONAL SPEEDBOAT CONVERTED INTO A HYDROFOIL BOAT BY THE ADDITION OF RETRACTABLE HYDROFINS. With this attachment of small Hook-Hydrofins a speedboat can be converted to a hydrofoil boat, with consequent gain in speed and steadiness in rough water. The legs which carry the fins can be folded or retracted and the boat used conventionally—for example, when beaching.



AN EDWARDIAN SCENE IN THE CHELSEA OF TO-DAY: TWO YOUNG WOMEN WITH A PERAMBULATOR OF THE PERIOD IN A CHELSEA STREET DURING THE FILMING OF SOME SCENES FOR THE FILM VERSION OF JULES VERNE'S "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS."

ROYAL, POLITICAL, MILITARY AND NAUTICAL NEWS, AND A MUSEUM.



SIGNING THE BUGANDA (TRANSITIONAL) AGREEMENT, 1955, IN THE BULANGE (PARLIAMENT HALL) AT KAMPALA: H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF UGANDA, SIR ANDREW COHEN.

On August 15 Sir Andrew Cohen signed the Buganda (Transitional) Agreement which introduces the new constitution, and paves the way for the Kabaka's return. He signed six copies, and was followed by the Kabaka's representatives, who were then sworn-in as temporary Regents until the exiled ruler's return.



CYPRUS AS THE NEW MIDDLE EAST LAND FORCES HEADQUARTERS: A VIEW OF INSTALLATIONS AT EPISKIPI, WHERE THREE MAIN BLOCKS WILL BE IN OCCUPATION BY CHRISTMAS. The political future of Cyprus was under discussion in London last week; in the meantime progress continues on the construction of the new Middle East Land Forces H.Q. on the island. Three fine blocks at Episkopi will, it is hoped, be in occupation by Christmas.



AN EPIC OF THE SEA: A MOTOR LIFEBOAT FROM THE KUNGSHOLM, DIRECTED BY RADIO, PICKING UP FROM THE SEA MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE ARGOBAM. The 7133-ton London freighter *Argobeam* caught fire on August 19 and developed a list. The Swedish liner *Kungsholm* picked up twenty-nine of her crew who had jumped overboard. The master, Captain Watson, and the mate remained on board; and *Argobeam* was towed to safety by Glasgow tugs.

(RIGHT.)

THE QUEEN MOTHER IN PERTH: HER MAJESTY WALKING ACROSS THE BARRACK SQUARE WITH MAJOR-GENERAL NEIL McMICKING, COLONEL OF THE BLACK WATCH.

On August 24 the Queen Mother visited the depot of The Black Watch (The Royal Highland Regiment), of which her Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief. After lunching in the officers' mess she unveiled a stained-glass memorial window in St. John's Kirk to officers and men of the 6th Bn. who died in World War II. Her Majesty then spoke to relatives of the fallen men, who made up the congregation; and congratulated Mr. William Wilson, R.A., who designed the window.



"WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS AND A' AND A'": A PIPE BAND LEADING THE PROCESSION ACROSS THE CANSO CAUSEWAY FROM NOVA SCOTIA MAINLAND TO CAPE BRETON ISLAND. The Canso Causeway, some mile-and-a-half long, known as the "Cape Breton Anchor," which links the island to the mainland of Nova Scotia province, was officially opened on August 13, when a pipe band a hundred strong led the procession across, playing "The Road to the Isles." The causeway cost \$23,000,000.



TO BE OPENED BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON ON SEPTEMBER 6 AS A GILBERT WHITE MUSEUM: "THE WAKES," FORMER HOME OF "THE FATHER OF ENGLISH NATURAL HISTORY." Gilbert White's old home, "The Wakes," Selborne, will form a permanent memorial to him. Its purchase was made possible by the gift of a large trust fund by Mr. Robert W. Oates. "The Wakes" contains a "Captain Oates" room, where his sledge and relics are preserved.

THE ACADIAN BICENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.



THE MECCA OF ALL ACADIANS: THE PARK AND SHRINE AT GRAND PRÉ, NOVA SCOTIA, SHOWING THE CHAPEL ON THE SITE OF THE OLD CHURCH.



WHERE THE ACADIAN CELEBRATIONS CLOSED: THE BUILDING IN ANNAPOLIS ROYAL WHICH IS A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE HABITATION BUILT BY CHAMPLAIN.



AT THE FOLKLORE FESTIVAL SHOW: THE TRADITIONAL *ESCAOQUETTE* IN WHICH THE PARTICIPANTS DANCE ACROSS THE STAGE, THROUGH THE AUDIENCE AND BACK TO THE STAGE.

The tragic Acadia of old, founded by De Monts and Champlain at Port Royal in 1605, and a bone of contention in the wars between France and England, was seemingly destroyed for ever when the Acadians were expelled from their homeland in Nova Scotia by the British in 1755. But to-day it is an important and prosperous part of Canada, where ancient feuds linger mainly in history and legend and where Canadians of English and French descent live and work together. This year, for the first time in history, descendants of the Great Dispersion gathered from all over North America on the soil of their ancient homeland to celebrate the 350th anniversary of the foundation of Acadia; and the 200th anniversary of the Exile. During the celebrations, which were held from August 8 to August 16 at Moncton and Memramcook, in New Brunswick, and Grand Pré and Annapolis Royal, in Nova Scotia, there were many demonstrations of loyalty to the Queen.

LEARNING ROAD SAFETY WITHOUT TEARS.

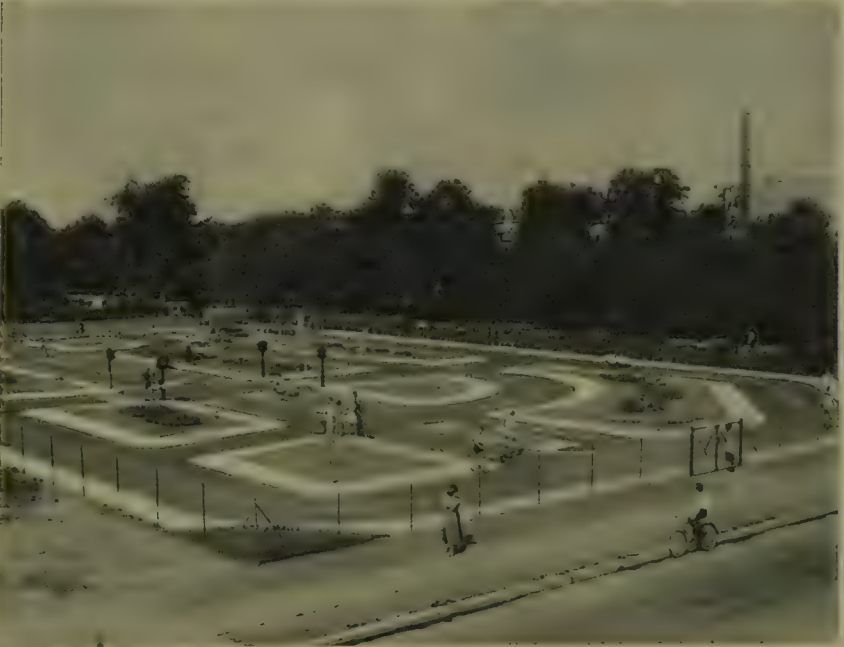
A permanent "Traffic Kindergarten," reputed to be the first of its kind, has been opened in a French sector suburb of Berlin in an effort to teach children, in a way which attracts and interests them, how they should behave on the roads for their own safety and the safety of others. An area has been transformed into a "children's city," with main and side streets, pavements, traffic signs and lights—only buildings are missing, and these have been replaced by grass and flower-beds. A corner of the "Traffic Kindergarten" is equipped with chairs, desks and big blackboards for theoretical instruction. When the children are ready to put their knowledge to the test, they go on the "roads" driving miniature cars, and on bicycles, under the supervision of policemen. Traffic lessons are included in school curriculums, and children visit the Kindergarten during school hours.



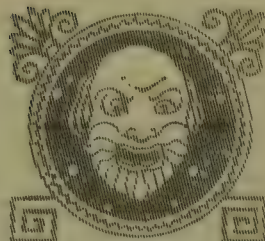
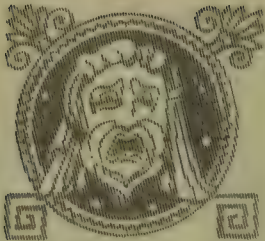
RECEIVING INSTRUCTION FROM A POLICEMAN: CHILDREN IN MINIATURE CARS AND ON BICYCLES LEARN TO GIVE SIGNALS AND BE COURTEOUS TO OTHER ROAD USERS.



AS MOTORISTS, CYCLISTS AND PEDESTRIANS: CHILDREN IN THE FRENCH SECTOR OF BERLIN LEARN HOW TO PUT THE TRAFFIC RULES INTO PRACTICE.



LAI D OUT TO RESEMBLE THE STREETS OF A CITY: THE "TRAFFIC KINDERGÄRTEN," WITH ITS TRAFFIC LANES, SIDEWALKS, AND MAIN AND OTHER STREETS. BUILDINGS ARE REPLACED BY GRASS AND FLOWER-BEDS.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

OUT OF STEP.

By ALAN DENT.

IT may, of course, be that I need a holiday. In those short, alluring films of scenes abroad, which follow or precede the main feature, I have noticed of late a peculiar insistence in the bright beckonings of the dancing nymphs of Tonga, Tahiti, or Honolulu. Come hither, and relax, and eat lots of lotos, whatsoever lotos may be!—they seem to be saying, with a greater urgency than ever, in the past few weeks.

This feeling comes over me annually about the time the posters are insisting that Blackpool is bracing, and Southport select, and Margate madly gay—about the time when the big railway-stations swarm with families staggering eagerly towards such places, or staggering exhaustedly back from them. But it is not so much this sudden urge to go to the sea, or to go over the seas, that makes me realise the need of change and repose. What is far more definite is a sudden awareness of being in unusual disagreement with my colleagues. This worries me a shadow of a shade.

It was impossible for me, for example, to join in the chorus of praise which has greeted "We're No Angels." This is adapted from the farce called "My Three Angels," which I liked well enough in New York because it had Walter Slezak, that mountain of mid-European charm, as Joseph, the chief of the three angelic crooks who escape from prison in Devil's Island to manage and re-arrange a feckless shop-keeper's business. In London I liked the stage-play well enough, too, because it had Nigel Stock and George Rose as the other two angelic rogues, Albert and Jules. But the film, directed by the expert Michael Curtiz, seems to me a somewhat less than expert job. The farce's faintly unpleasant undercurrent is unduly stressed, for I never laughed very wholeheartedly at the despatch of the villain and his villainous nephew through a deadly snake being placed in their bedrooms. In the film the three rascals don't really play well together, though they are players as distinctive as Humphrey Bogart as Joseph (forger), Aldo Ray as Albert (murderer), and Peter Ustinov (murderer). Mr. Bogart has become a definitely blasé actor with an air of being too weary even to present his familiar self convincingly. Mr. Ray has a twinkling charm all his own, but delivers his lines in too off-hand a way. And only Mr. Ustinov is a genuine success in the film, though it is a highly individual performance that hardly seems part of the trio.

The unusual setting of this farce—Devil's Island in the year 1895—is naturally better created by the film than it can be on the stage. But though we

though this has been written and directed and (in the chief part) acted by that remarkable personage, that master of all theatrical trades and jack of none, Mr. Orson Welles, I am unable to take any very keen delight in its murky ramifications. I cannot for the life of me see that Mr. Welles has progressed much

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



PETER USTINOV AS JULES IN "WE'RE NO ANGELS."

In selecting Mr. Ustinov as his choice for the outstanding actor of the fortnight Mr. Dent writes: "Peter Ustinov in his erratic career has given us plenty of erratic performances. But in 'We're No Angels' as the murderous convict called Jules he begins at last to come into his own as a truly comic screen-actor. He is certainly more effective and more inside his part than the other two members of this trio of Devil's Island escaped convicts in the year 1895—the other two being Aldo Ray who has more charm but is less funny as the murderous Albert, and Humphrey Bogart who as the master-forger Joseph has neither charm nor comedy."

beyond his unforgettable "Citizen Kane." But he may, of course, retort with some justice that the mood of that early film was remarkably subtle, and that to recapture that mood and tell a new story in similar terms is quite an achievement even now. Well, however one may look at it, here in "Confidential Report"

we have the same kind of thing exactly — strong emphasis on Mr. Welles as a mighty megalomaniac with a penchant for being photographed at odd angles, most especially an angle at which the line across the top of his wide shoulders runs across the screen at a sharp descending diagonal from left to right. His own hero, played by himself, is a bearded financier called Arkadin. He also calls himself, or has himself called, Neptune, and there is in the bearded face something markedly like the

bronze statue of King Neptune which was given to the City of Bristol to celebrate the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Arkadin-Neptune is half-way between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea. Neptune Welles, it seems, found himself in Zurich in 1927 without a memory but with something like a quarter of a million Swiss francs in his pocket. From this he made a fortune by means of skilful investments. But he would now like very much to know who he was before 1927, and to find this out he employs a young American called Van Stratten whose methods and past would appear to be as shady as those of his employer.

The film is both obfusc and ubiquitous. We begin morosely in Munich, where the whole story is told by Stratten to a moribund dope-pedlar (Akim Tamiroff). We continue murkily in Milan, quaintly in Copenhagen, teasingly in Tangier, sinisterly in Amsterdam (with Michael Redgrave making his usual exclamation-mark—this time as a repellently eccentric order of antique-dealer), meretriciously in Poland (with Katina Paxinou as a farouche brothel-keeper), and finally—or, at least, before returning back again to Munich—we are mysteriously in Mexico. One comes away from all this travel-stained as well as mystified. It all begins, as it ends, with an aeroplane as derelict as the *Marie Celeste*, out of which Neptune-Arkadin-Welles has apparently dropped from the clouds into his native element for good.

Perversely enough, I find a good deal to commend in another new film called "Value for Money," in which we see John Gregson as a Yorkshire mill-owner coming up to London on a spree and falling in love with a show-girl (moodily played by Diana Dors). Its first hour at least shows us the ugly but "jannock" (as Yorkshiremen say, meaning "honest") town of Barfield. This is shown uncompromisingly, and the hero's mean-minded integrity is very clearly displayed by both the actor and the script. It all goes to pieces in the end because our canny hero goes so far in his infatuation as to propose marriage to his blonde temptress, and even to invite her to Yorkshire to prove that he is a man of means though he fusses over the charges and the tipping in a London restaurant. He has already suggested marriage to a little Yorkshire girl-journalist (ably and pleasantly played by Susan Stephen), and he finally finds himself with two breach-of-promise cases threatening him at once. Not to marry his London blonde will cost him £5,000. But not to marry his Yorkshire brunette will only cost him £200. The distinction is as great as that between "shoddy" and "rags"—a distinction made clear in this film by the hero, whose modest but tenaciously kept fortune comes from the latter commodity.

Perhaps I liked this film—or the first half of it—because it was low-falutin in comparison with the aggressively high-falutin "Confidential Report," and with "We're No Angels," which is too far away in time and place to be considered as falutin either way. But "Value for Money," in which I found some little merit, has been almost universally declared by my colleagues to have no merit whatever.

"They're a'oot o' step but our Jock!" said the proud Scottish mother watching a parade of soldiers



"HIS OWN HERO, PLAYED BY HIMSELF, IS A BEARDED FINANCIER CALLED ARKADIN": ORSON WELLES AS GREGORY ARKADIN IN A SCENE FROM "CONFIDENTIAL REPORT" (WARNER BROS.). THE ORIGINAL STORY, SCREENPLAY AND DIRECTION IS BY ORSON WELLES, WHO ALSO PLAYS THE PART OF THE MYSTERIOUS MULTI-MILLIONAIRE. (LONDON PREMIERE: THE WARNER THEATRE, AUGUST 18.)

believe in the place rather more, we believe in the action rather less. Joan Bennett as the shopkeeper's daughter would obviously have recognised the three intruders as escaped convicts in a flash and would have had them arrested on sight. However, there it is! The great majority of my colleagues—many of them, perhaps, unwary of and therefore unwary of the original play—have hailed the film as a fresh and enchanting piece of work.

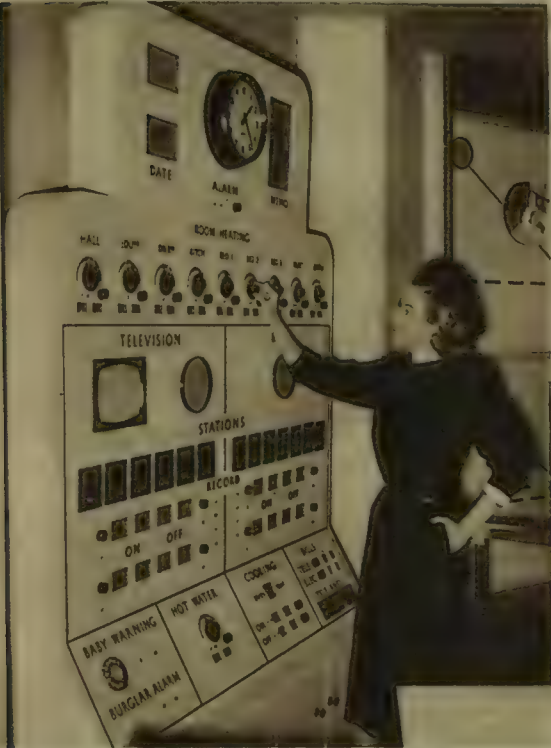
Equally I am unable to join in the general pleasure my colleagues seem to have experienced in being baffled and bamboozled by "Confidential Report." Even



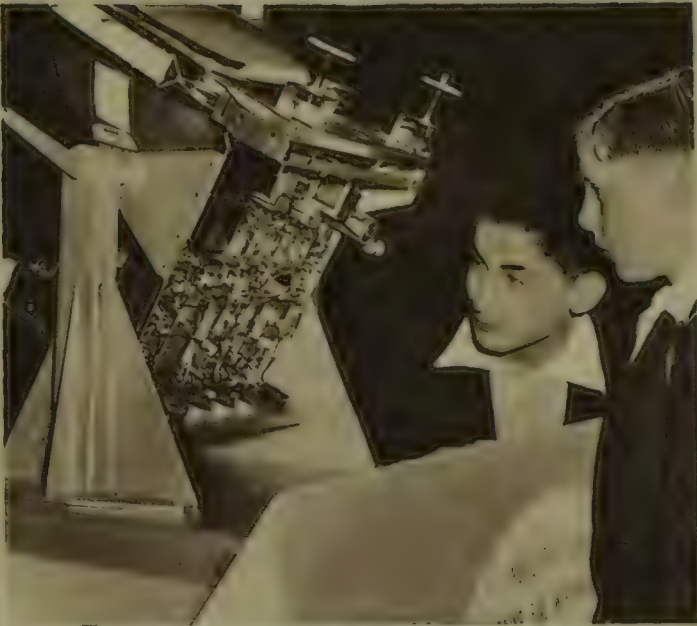
ADAPTED FROM THE FARCE CALLED "MY THREE ANGELS": "WE'RE NO ANGELS" (PARAMOUNT), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH THE OWNER OF THE STORE AND HIS NEPHEW ARRIVE TO GO OVER THE BOOKS AND FIND THE THREE CONVICTS IN THE SHOP. (L. TO R.) ALBERT (ALDO RAY); JULES (PETER USTINOV); PAUL TROCHARD (JOHN BAER); ANDRE TROCHARD (BASIL RATHBONE) AND JOSEPH (HUMPHREY BOGART). (LONDON PREMIERE: THE PLAZA, AUGUST 12.)

in which her humble son was making himself unduly conspicuous. So it must be with the Jock who writes this article. Perhaps he had better go anyway as far from London as the Edinburgh Festival, which can at least provide a change of atmosphere, a myriad of more-or-less experimental films, and in a special exhibition of paintings by Gauguin as much of the allurements of Tahiti as he is likely to obtain without going to the trouble and expense of leaving this country's shores.

AT THE 1955 RADIO SHOW: SOME EXHIBITS FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.



THE HOME OF THE FUTURE AS ELECTRONICS MAY MAKE IT: A CONTROL PANEL WHICH WILL ENABLE EVERYTHING TO BE SWITCHED ON AND OFF AUTOMATICALLY.



AS ENTHRALLING AS ANY PROGRAMME: THE CHASSIS OF A PETO SCOTT TELEVISION RECEIVER AT EARLS COURT.



IN THE "ELECTRONICS AND CAREERS" SECTION: A 4-FT. MODEL OF A ROCKET DESIGNED TO LAUNCH A SATELLITE INTO ITS ORBIT. THE MODEL IS IN THREE PARTS.



FITTED WITH AN ELECTRIC ALARM CLOCK: THE NEW FIVE-VALVE EKCO *RADIOTIME*, WHICH INCORPORATES AUTOMATIC TIME SWITCHING FOR THE RADIO AND A KETTLE OR OTHER ELECTRIC APPLIANCE.



SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE RADIO SHOW: THE EKCO MAINS OR BATTERY PORTABLE TELEVISION SET.



THE TELEPHONE OF THE FUTURE: A TWO-WAY TELEVISION TELEPHONE WHICH ENABLES CALLERS TO SEE EACH OTHER ON A MINIATURE SCREEN AS THEY TALK.



"PAY AS YOU VIEW": THE EDISWAN *TELESLOT*, A DEVICE WHICH ENABLES PEOPLE TO SEE TELEVISION PROGRAMMES BY PUTTING FLORINS IN THE SLOT.



AT PRESENT FOR EXPORT ONLY: THE NEW 27-IN. EDISWAN MAZDA ALUMINISED TELEVISION TUBE, WHICH MAY ONE DAY BE THE POPULAR SCREEN SIZE.

The twenty-second National Radio and Television Exhibition, the Radio Show, 1955, was opened by Dr. Charles Hill, the Postmaster-General, at Earls Court, London, on August 26, two days later than had been originally planned by its organisers, the Radio Industry Council. Virtually all work on the preparations for the show stopped on August 18 because of a trade dispute and at one time it was feared that the show would have to be abandoned this year. On August 22 an agreement was reached and electricians worked overtime so that the show was able to open on August 26, but the delays caused the loss of substantial orders, particularly in overseas markets. The range of exhibits this year is exceptionally

wide, covering a variety of electronic developments as well as those in sound radio and television. Multi-channel television sets, capable of receiving the Band III (I.T.A.) programmes, form the bulk of the exhibits, and nearly all the manufacturers are showing some radio sets designed to receive the V.H.F. waveband. The trend in television sets is towards the 17-in. screen, and for the first time a number of makers show 21-in.-screen models. H.M.V., who introduced tape records last year, have taken another step forward at this Show by introducing tape records carrying twin tracks which, when reproduced through twin-channel equipment, give a three-dimensional or "stereophonic" effect.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

A SENSE OF HUMOUR.

By J. C. TREWIN.

A COLLEAGUE, confessing that he cannot laugh at Norman Wisdom, has enumerated—I suppose to show that the muscles of his face still work—a variety of comedians at whom he does laugh. As I read this list, gloom assailed me: there were three or four names that sadden me as much in the theatre as I am saddened by the drearier jests of Touchstone or Lavache. We are back at the inevitable problem—what is a sense of humour? And, on this very hot August noon, I am not inclined to say more except to repeat, a gentle parrot, that Norman Wisdom does make me laugh.

Consider him. He is small, anxious to please, certain that he will not please. His little man is the perpetual failure in life. Eagerness will not help him. He just cannot keep up; it is all very odd. Now and again, when he is in the clutch of sterner minds, he clearly feels like giving up the whole business. There is almost a tear in the appealing spaniel eye. He droops, and our handkerchiefs are poised. A famous critic, speaking of a foreign tragedienne, told me once that, in her rendering of a fatigued woman he was moved to see even the shawl upon her shoulder crumple to the ground; it was the only occasion on which he had known an inanimate thing to become sentient. Somehow this came to mind during Norman Wisdom's performance at the Palladium. When the little man droops in despair, you feel that at any-moment his cap—pushed back, very much man-of-the-world—may fall off in sympathy.

Moreover, Wisdom is ready to try fresh experience. It gives him almost frenzied pleasure to conduct the orchestra, to thrust it into a gale or to silence it by a mere flick of the baton. (And how happy he is to pronounce the word "baton"! These evolutions send him into incredulous mirth. So, too, does his chance discovery, as he passes a microphone, that he

humour is unfashionably gentle, that he is neither cynical-sophisticated nor gruffly raucous. Perhaps it is that he repeats himself and his effects. He does; we cannot escape from it. Some may accuse him of "mugging," of making faces instead of acting. But much depends upon the comedian's face, and I am very fond of Wisdom's, of the ear-to-ear grin, the gloomily thrusting lip, the eyes that can move from frenzy to sorrow. Every major comedian has had expressive eyes.

He falls down too often. A comedian should avoid this too easy laugh; for all Wisdom's acrobatics, one fall is very much like another. He does need happier sketch material. Although he is able to make (and to drop) his bricks with a minimum of straw, surely there ought somewhere to be the script-writer who has been waiting all his thwarted life to meet such a player as this? And a final word. I would rather watch Norman fall down than hear him sing. It is then that a major comedian can become a minor vocalist.



"HE CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM THE GRASP OF FATE—IMPERSONATED AS A RULE BY THE POLITELY SINISTER JERRY DESMONDE": NORMAN WISDOM IN "PAINTING THE TOWN" IN A SKETCH CALLED "THE COLD WAR," IN WHICH HE IS THE "SUFFERER" (LEFT) AND JERRY DESMONDE IS "THE CHEMIST."

can get his voice to sound terrifyingly resonant. At once his eyes glint. Cortez on that peak in Darien could not have been more delighted, though Wisdom himself is not of the silent school and must pass and re-pass the microphone to repeat his effort and to savour its excitement. The world, he feels rashly, is a good place: then, suddenly, the sun is obscured and Jerry Desmond stares down at him, as it were, from the height of a granite cliff.

I forget whether it is about this time that Mr. Desmond becomes friendly. He croons to Wisdom. He puts his arm round Wisdom's shoulders and strokes him. Curiously, when he has withdrawn his arm and slid off silently into the wings, a hand remains on the shoulder, and there is Norman—we have to be familiar sometimes—prattling to it, overjoyed by this mark of favour. But whose hand? The awful truth jostles him. It is a disembodied hand, a "prop." And the horror with which Norman regards his discovery is like the horror with which the Stratford-upon-Avon audience views the lopping of the hand of Titus Andronicus.

I repeat: Wisdom does get one to laugh. But why does my colleague remain untouched, sombre? Here I can only hazard. Perhaps it is that Wisdom's



"THE PRINCIPAL PAINTER IS NORMAN WISDOM," AND HE PLAYS HIS PART "WITH THE MISGUIDED ENTHUSIASM THAT CHEERS HIS ADDICTS": "PAINTING THE TOWN" (PALLADIUM), SHOWING NORMAN WISDOM AS "A BEGINNER" WITH JUNE ELLIS AS "THE OTHER GIRL" IN A SKETCH CALLED "THE RIGHT TECHNIQUE."

I have taken long to reach the title of the revue, which is "Painting the Town." We are happy to think that it does not paint the town blue. It is a brisk, garish affair, and, Norman Wisdom aside, I remember best the furious trapezists, the Skylons, who might have done something for Cordelia ("I cannot heave my heart into my mouth," she says at the beginning of "Lear"); and the dancing of Nanci Crompton, who has the pose of a trotting pony and a cheerful, vivid personality.

That word bridges the gulf between Palladium and Globe, where Yvonne Arnaud is acting now in "Mrs. Willie." Everything here rests on personality. The piece is wrapped around Miss Arnaud. Without her it would fall to tatters. You must understand that she is ex-Queen Ilena of some Balkan State. Her first husband was assassinated long ago. For a long time she has been simply Mrs. Willie, somewhere in Sussex; her farming husband consents to the christening of his livestock by such names as Brahms and Beethoven. Ilena is also an excellent pianist; thus Miss Arnaud is able to play the piano, and we could have done with more of it.

Having chosen his setting, Alan Melville had hard labour to fit in a plot. There is some chat about neo-Ruritanian revolutions. The caviare may or may not have been poisoned. That is nearly all there is except a revelling exhibition of the Arnaud technique, with the voice that croons through the coo, and the quick turn of the head. Few of the other parts exist. Cyril Raymond, as the husband, must mourn for "Both Ends Meet": his lines here are very trying. Marian Spencer, Ann Walford, and William Mervyn strive to keep the party going; and since Mr. Melville knows his theatre, there are passages when the party, of a sudden, does go, and for a few minutes we are able to feel free and relaxed. But we have inevitably to get back to this matter of the plot, and even a comedienne of Miss Arnaud's dazzle cannot keep us from grief. In the third act I would have welcomed the appearance of Norman Wisdom, strutting in with his cloth cap pushed back, the hair straggling beneath it, a look of speculation in the anxious eyes. He might even fall down, though what would my colleague say then, poor thing?



"THE PIECE IS WRAPPED AROUND MISS ARNAUD. WITHOUT HER IT WOULD FALL TO TATTERS": "MRS. WILLIE" (GLOBE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH MRS. WILLIE'S GUESTS HELP THEMSELVES TO CAVIARE BEFORE DINNER. (L. TO R.) JANE (ANN WALFORD), ILENA (YVONNE ARNAUD), THE WAITER (JAMES SHARKEY), VITULESCU (CARL JAFFÉ), WILLIE (CYRIL RAYMOND), PAUL (TERENCE ALEXANDER), MRS. GREGSON (MARIAN SPENCER) AND LORD ALLERDALE (WILLIAM MERVYN).

Now and then, of course, something does go right with Wisdom, and he is magnificently cock-a-hoop. He all but crows. And yet we know that the shadow is behind him, that he can never escape from the grasp of Fate—impersonated, as a rule, by the politely sinister Jerry Desmond—and that he will end the night as wistfully as he began.

Wisdom is a "personality" comedian. That is, he seizes our sympathy—always excepting the sympathy of my displeased colleague—as soon as he appears. He is half-way there when some of his competitors have to strive. And he has endearing traits. If he is happy he likes to bend backward while strutting forward. When he laughs he loses control, and becomes a quivering, slithering jelly that slides about on its plate. So contagious is his gulping laughter that, within a few seconds, most of the house (my glum colleague always excepted) is laughing as well.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MRS. WILLIE" (Globe).—Ex-Queen Ilena of some Balkan State or other—she has long been Mrs. Willie of Sussex—hopes that she has not poisoned her dinner guests with a pot of dubious caviare. And that is the pith of Alan Melville's comedy, written for Yvonne Arnaud. Her timing is as true, and her sense of the ridiculous as mischievously right, as ever, but this farcical comedy is the most perilously thin material she has had for a long time. (August 17.)

"PAINTING THE TOWN" (Palladium).—The principal painter is Norman Wisdom, and he does it, as we can imagine, with the misguided enthusiasm that cheers his addicts. He ought not to sing; otherwise all's nearly well. The rest of the revue is a typical Palladium frisk, genial, garish, and acrobatic. It is Wisdom's night (though, as I write this, I seem to hear a glum voice reeling off a list of other comedians who are not present). (August 18.)

"JULIUS CAESAR" (Edinburgh Festival).—A straightforward, routine revival (Michael Benthall's in the Old Vic) with two performances of distinction—by Wendy Hiller and John Neville—and a disappointing Brutus (Paul Rogers). (August 22.)

"A LIFE IN THE SUN" (Edinburgh Festival).—Thornton Wilder's free rendering of the Alcestis story, written for the stage of the Assembly Hall, is diffuse and untidy, but with some scenes and performances of quality (Irene Worth's Alcestis will be remembered) and a Tyrone Guthrie production that gets everything from the material. I will return to the Edinburgh plays next week. (August 23.)

GLYNDEBOURNE'S SUPERB "FALSTAFF" IN EDINBURGH: A PERFECT PRODUCTION OF VERDI'S MASTERPIECE



IN THE GARTER INN: FALSTAFF (FERNANDO CORENA), BY THE FIRE, BEING ADDRESSED BY DR. CAIUS (DERMOT TROY), WITH BARDOLPH (DANIEL MCCOSHAN; LEFT) AND PISTOL (MARCO STEFANONI; RIGHT).



THE YOUNG LOVERS SINGING THEIR BEAUTIFUL DUET IN FORD'S GARDEN: NANETTA (EUGENIA RATTI) AND FENTON (JUAN ONCINA).



THE FAT KNIGHT SETS OUT TO LAY SIEGE TO THE BEAUTIFUL AND VIRTUOUS MISTRESS FORD (ANNA MARIA ROVERE): FALSTAFF (FERNANDO CORENA) IN FORD'S HOUSE.



FENTON AND NANETTA (EUGENIA RATTI AND JUAN ONCINA; LEFT) ABOUT TO BE DISCOVERED BY FORD (WALTER MONACHESI). FALSTAFF (FERNANDO CORENA; RIGHT, IN BASKET).



INTO THE LAUNDRY-BASKET! L. TO R., MISTRESS PAGE (FERNANDA CADONI), FALSTAFF (FERNANDO CORENA), MISTRESS FORD (ANNA MARIA ROVERE) AND MISTRESS QUICKLY (ORALIA DOMINGUEZ).



THE SEARCH FOR FALSTAFF IN FORD'S HOUSE: THE ANGRY FORD (WALTER MONACHESI) WITH PISTOL (MARCO STEFANONI; LEFT) AND BARDOLPH (DANIEL MCCOSHAN; RIGHT), WITH DR. CAIUS (DERMOT TROY; BEHIND).

The Glyndebourne Opera's new production of Verdi's "Falstaff" at the Edinburgh Festival, where it had its first night at the King's Theatre on August 23, and is due for its last festival performance on September 7, has roused immense admiration. Signor Giulini, of the Scala, is the conductor, the opera, sung in Italian, is well produced by Professor Ebert, with good scenery and décor by Mr. Osbert Lancaster, and the cast are admirably chosen for their several rôles. Signor

Giulini's conducting of Verdi's masterpiece of his old age is first rate and the impeccable precision of the *ensemble* singing can only be called perfection. "Falstaff," an opera which has always roused great enthusiasm among musicians, is notably difficult to produce, owing to its complexity, and speed, and the demands it makes on the singers, and thus few can recall a performance which is satisfactory in every respect. Glyndebourne has, it would seem, achieved one.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE second or third part of a novel-sequence is very often, indeed, customarily, introduced to us as "complete in itself": which ought, surely, to mean that the beginner has no sense of being left out, while the stayer seems to have forgotten nothing vital. In that case, "Officers and Gentlemen," by Evelyn Waugh (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d.) cannot pretend to qualify, since it is full of the most tantalising allusions to "Men at Arms." Nor does the author himself treat it as independent. On the other hand, he describes it as a full stop. There will be no third volume, after all: since here already—after the false dawn of the Hitler-Soviet pact, when it was bliss for Guy Crouchback to be alive—we reach the bad end of alliance with the infidel. "If I keep my faculties I hope to follow the fortunes of the characters through the whole of their war, but these first two books constitute a whole." Again it is necessary to disagree. Stories are finished, not in principle, but when they sound finished. This one leaves off, after a major episode, trailing unfinished business as conspicuously as "Men at Arms."

Not that one can't enjoy the bits. They are quite dazzling—but they are showing a certain tendency to pile up. Perhaps the author even worried about it. To quote him further: "'Men at Arms' ended with the death of Apthorpe. 'Officers and Gentlemen' begins with the placation of his spirit, a ritual preparation for the descent into the nether world of Crete." Which suggests a vain struggle for unity—or at least abstract unity—together with the sense that Apthorpe is a great loss. This part has nobody to compete with him: only the melancholy paladin of the Castello Crouchback, and a variety of comic turns, some old, some new. Ever since Guy left Italy to fight the "modern age," disillusion has naturally been breaking in. But he is still in love with arms; and on the Isle of Mugg, under Commando-Colonel Tommy Blackhouse, the ex-husband of his ex-wife, he finds himself in good company. All Tommy's officers are gentlemen; and Guy detects their finest flower, the "quintessential England," the "Athenian prince," in a young show-jumper named Claire. . . . Mugg's wilder denizens include a dynamiting laird, Apthorpe's gorilla-legatee, known as King Kong, and Trimmer, the failed Halberdier, now in a Scottish regiment under the name of McTavish. Trimmer-McTavish proves to be grotesquely on the way up; Guy is for Cape Town, Alexandria and the abyss. He lands in Crete just at the culmination of its disaster. This is a long, brilliant, infernal scene; but there is also fun—if it is fun.

OTHER FICTION.

"A German Officer," by Serge Groussard (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), presents one "man at arms," with unrelieved and gripping unity, and without comment.

In the autumn of 1945, Karl Brucken is discharged from hospital—a one-armed ghost, among the skeletons and wreckage of the "great dream." He has no roof, or means of livelihood. He can get no news of his family. He has to report himself to the occupiers, endure their questioning, step off the pavement for their patrols. And yet maintain his pride—though Colonel Brucken never thinks about that. With him, pride is a part of duty, which is his whole self. As an officer, he has a duty to go on living; therefore he keeps alive by raking among the garbage, and queuing in fog or snow for free soup. And he supports his courage by regarding all this as an interim, a "permanent stage-play"—like the denazification courts. There, he has got off rather lightly. But then he had a clean sheet; he only hanged five villagers, at the end of the war, because they wouldn't fight a Russian army. There was another thing—his treatment of the Polish girl Wila; but that didn't come up. . . .

It is impossible not to admire Colonel Brucken: not to be moved by his ramrod sufferings, his constancy in grotesque jobs, and, later on, his family happiness in a refugee tent. In court, he shows up far better than the inquisitors; and one must feel that he is legally in the right. Yet one must think him a calamity—not just by chance, but in his very essence; a pathetic, stoical calamity. He ought in fairness to see daylight again; and yet he ought not to get off. . . . And the tale ends accordingly—which is the one hint of its author's feeling. He has produced a marvel of detachment in the right place.

"The Power and the Prize," by Howard Swiggett (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is a tale of Anglo-American big business, much complicated by a "non-conformist" love-affair. Cleves Barwick, second-in-command of the Allied Materials Corporation, has come to London about the "Carew process." He is dead keen on this, and rather sympathetic on the point of English prestige that may become an obstacle. Not so his chairman, George Salt. Salt is the old-fashioned type of business man: a pseudo-paternal, xenophobic primitive, all emotion and *idées fixes*. He insists on springing their demand at the last moment; and Barwick yields, but with distaste. Till now, he has always behaved smoothly to a dotting benefactor; now he is irretrievably in love with an Austrian-Jewish refugee, who doesn't like lords of the earth, Americans, or business men. Barwick, however, cheerfully refuses to be dismissed. And in New York, during the last round of the Carew struggle, he ventures and gains everything. Very accomplished work—especially the business side, with its companion pictures of two capitals, and its fantastic, obsolescent "boss."

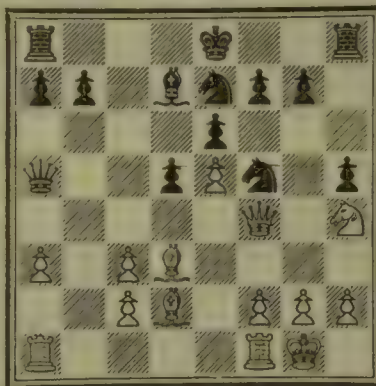
"The Man Who Didn't Fly," by Margot Bennett (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), has an exceedingly nice problem. A small plane is wrecked in the Irish Channel. There should have been four passengers. These are all missing; yet only three of them turned up. Nobody knows who didn't fly; nobody noticed the others; there is no evidence, beyond a few odd scraps of their conversation. But they all came from Furlong Deep, where Mr. Wade lives with his two daughters. There was the paying guest, Morgan Price: the rich though ruined "Uncle Joe" Ferguson: Harry the feckless poet, who has been courting Hester in a maddeningly fluid way; and Maurice Reid, the ultra-reliable "best friend." And when the Wades have decided to speak out, those scraps of dialogue become a superb little intelligence test. But the story is much more brilliant than that. It has real characters, and sparkle and solidity even without the crime.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WOULD you have seized the chances presented to the eventual winners in the two positions I diagram here? Both are from the recent "Open Championship" at Southend.

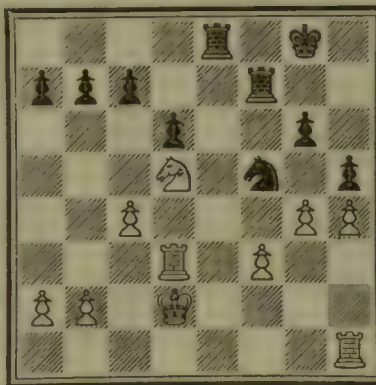
D. Richards (Black)



L. W. Barden (White)

Here, Black played, faultily, 14... Q-B2? Can you see why this plausible move is very bad?

P. Hamburger (Black)



D. Paffley (White)

The error committed by Hamburger here was as immediately fatal yet curiously contrasted in type. Why is 21... Kt-Kt6 bad?

(First diagram): Because of the reply 15. Kt×Kt. Now as soon as Black recaptures on his KB4 with a pawn, White replies P-K6, threatening to answer ... P×P? or ... B×P? by Q×Q, or ... Q×Q by P×Bch (note, check!), K×P; B×Q.

So 15... Kt×Kt (plaintively temporising!); 16. B×Kt (putting him "on the spot" again), P-KKt4 (heroically minimising his losses); 17. Q-Kt3 (or 17. Q×KtP, P×B), P-R5; 18. Q×KtP, P×B; 19. Q-B6, R-R2; 20. B-Kt5 winning a second pawn when he wants it.

(Second diagram): Because Black's knight has no means of return to safety. A perfect example of a strategic error just as the first was a purely tactical one. After 22. R-KKt1, Kt-K7; 23. R-K1, P-B3; 24. Kt-B3, Black lasted for just two more moves.

GEORGIAN HOUSES; DUTCH AND INDIAN ART; ANCIENT EGYPT.

A BOOK which is a rare delight is Mr. Christopher Hussey's "English Country Houses: Early Georgian, 1715-1760" (Country Life; 6 gns.). Mr. Hussey is probably the greatest authority we have on our great English country houses, and in this beautiful volume he fills a gap which has been left for many years since the late Mr. Avray Tipping's "English Homes" series, published some thirty or more years ago, went out of print. This volume, I gather, is intended to be the forerunner of others which will deal with the later Georgian periods, and which will be eagerly awaited by all lovers of English history and English art. In this present volume Mr. Hussey further subdivides his subject into three periods—Georgian Baroque, Palladian and Rococo. This is a bold venture, as in the brief span of forty-five years covered by the book, the houses built by the great Whig lords were in many

cases—Stowe is an outstanding example—vastly altered and, indeed, in some cases virtually rebuilt. It is curious that the Whigs in the later period should have reacted so strongly against the works of Wren, Vanbrugh and the official architects employed by the Board of Works. Palladio was for them their architectural prophet, and his "Quattro Libri dell'Architettura" their Bible, just as they imposed their love of classics and their Platonism on the Protestantism which had brought them to power and wealth. That wealth was enormous, and not always gained in the most scrupulous of manners. Nevertheless, much though a retrospective Jacobite may deplore the "glorious" Whig revolution, there can be little doubt that the happy combination of excellent taste and the wealth to gratify it resulted in the glories of the eighteenth-century country houses. I wonder, however, whether Mr. Hussey is not perhaps going a little far when he says: "The very great majority of early Georgian country houses, and all those of pronounced classical style are due to Whig owners; whereas we owe the preservation of most of the surviving mansions of earlier periods to Tory indifference to aesthetics." However, this is only a small criticism of a book to delight the eye and charm the reader.

Another beautifully produced volume is "Rembrandt," with a text by Ludwig Münz (Thames and Hudson; £5.). Dr. Münz in the text provides, as does Mr. Hussey, an admirable background to the period—in this case, the period in which Rembrandt, the son of a Leyden miller, lived and worked. He draws a parallel—perhaps a little far-fetched—between the florescence of seventeenth-century Dutch art in the newly-established, small but powerful maritime republic, and the similar florescence in another maritime republic, that of Venice. One must admit, however, that he is right when he says that "both Holland and Venice from the Renaissance on displayed in their art a particularly lively interest in the problems of giving form to the immediate natural and human environment." While Rubens in the Catholic southern lowlands was producing large baroque religious paintings or portraits of the famous, the northern Protestant Dutch were embellishing their clean, austere houses with pictures of everyday life, each with a strong moral significance. The quality of the colour reproductions in this splendid volume is of the highest, and includes a number of Rembrandt's less famous works.

In 1819 a company of British troops on manoeuvres in the Indhyari Range came by chance on the magnificent Buddhist shrines of Ajanta, which had been virtually forgotten since Buddhism in India started rapidly to decline in the seventh century A.D. Thanks to the then British Government of India and that of Hyderabad State, in which the shrines are situated, they have been saved from further decay. A fourth part of "Ajanta," with an explanatory text by G. Yazdani (Oxford University Press; 14 gns.), has now been produced under the authority of the Government of Hyderabad. The three earlier volumes contained the reproductions in colour, or in black and white, of the wall-paintings of which this book provides the essential and detailed explanations. The text is admirably done, and students of Buddhism in India, as well as lovers of Indian art, will find it an indispensable key to the volumes which have preceded it.

Full-scale funerary boats are familiar to all those acquainted with ancient Egypt, and its customs. Unlike the Greeks, who imagined the sun travelling the heavens in the guise of Apollo in his chariot, the ancient Egyptians when they considered locomotion thought of it mainly in terms of a boat journey on their great highway of the Nile. The Sun God Rē sailed across the heavens in a boat, and his son, the Pharaoh, was provided with that means of transport in the tomb, to enable him to join his father after death. On the other hand, one of the great Pharaohs of the Middle Kingdom had a Chancellor of the name of Meket-Re, who evidently had enjoyed his official duties, which took him travelling up and down the Nile in his *dahabiyeh*. He included, therefore, among the various objects which were to aid and comfort him in the after-life, a number of models, not merely of his home and farm buildings, but of Nile boats of the period. As the illustrations to "Models of Daily Life in Ancient Egypt," by H. E. Winlock (Oxford University Press; 60s.), show, these models are produced in charming and exquisite

detail. Mr. Winlock, who writes with agreeable scholarship, calls the discovery of the chamber at Thebes in which the models were found, "digger's luck." Certainly there can seldom have been so fine a collection of such models, untouched by human hand for 4000 years. The picture they give of life as it was lived on a great estate belonging to a great and wealthy man in the Middle Kingdom is a vivid and attractive one, and I warmly recommend this book to expert Egyptologists and to the general reader alike.

"Digger's luck"—this time in the shape of a photographer's tripod—struck a curious patch of plaster, and thereby revealed the entrance to the burial chamber of Queen Hetep Heres I., the mother of Cheops, who built the Great Pyramid. The second volume of "The History of the Giza Necropolis," by George Andrew Reisner (Oxford University Press; £10), has been completed and revised by William Stevenson Smith, his assistant in the excavations at Giza in 1930-39. This, too, is a fine and interesting and a scholarly volume. The objects recovered were most of them taken from the Queen's palace, and represent virtually the only household furniture which has survived from this period.

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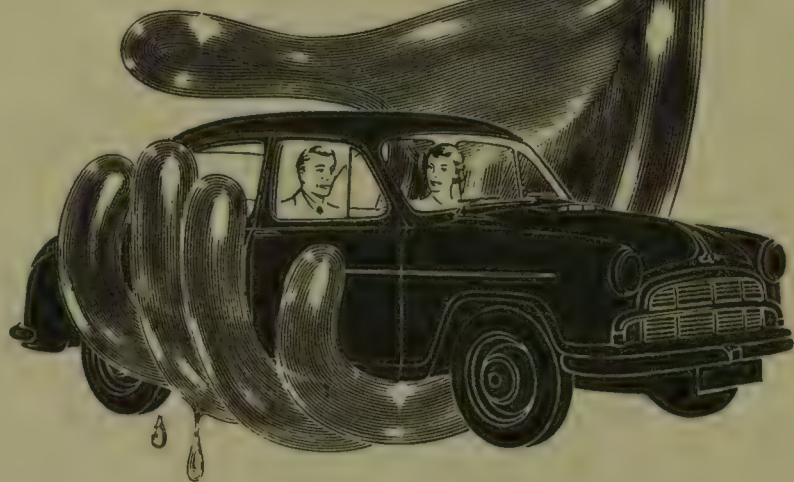
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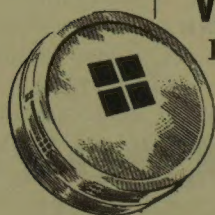
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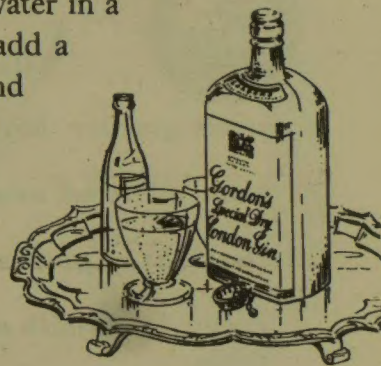
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SEPTEMBER

ESSAI DE BALLON

The first balloon ascent with passengers (albeit only a sheep, a duck and a cock) was organised by the brothers Montgolfier at Versailles on September 19th, 1783. Never mind the animals for the moment: what was in the balloon? Hot air, heated over a furnace on the ground. Hot air lifted the balloon that wobbled into the empyrean and landed (safely) in the Chronicles and Miscellanies under the Index headings of *Air* (conquest of, and Hot), *Balloons* (first ascents of), *Flight* (first balloons) and *Guinea Pigs* (use of animal g.p.'s in ballooning). As this summer draws to a close, we in England may well wonder how the phrase "hot air" has acquired its derisory sense. We need more hot air, good, all-pervasive, non-metaphorical hot air, blanketing these islands for all the holiday months, and beyond. Five months of wasps and sunburn would be a small price to pay for five months of the weather that produces them. September can still be a golden month... apples and chrysanthemums, blackberries and Michaelmas daisies. But as the morning mists glorify the spiders' webs and the leaves start falling, we may dream of hot air: that was to have been but wasn't, that is today and is gone tomorrow. Hot air for buoyancy... that was the Montgolfier slogan. It fits our own backward-looking, early-autumnal thoughts.



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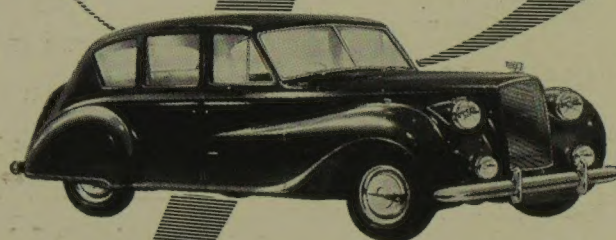
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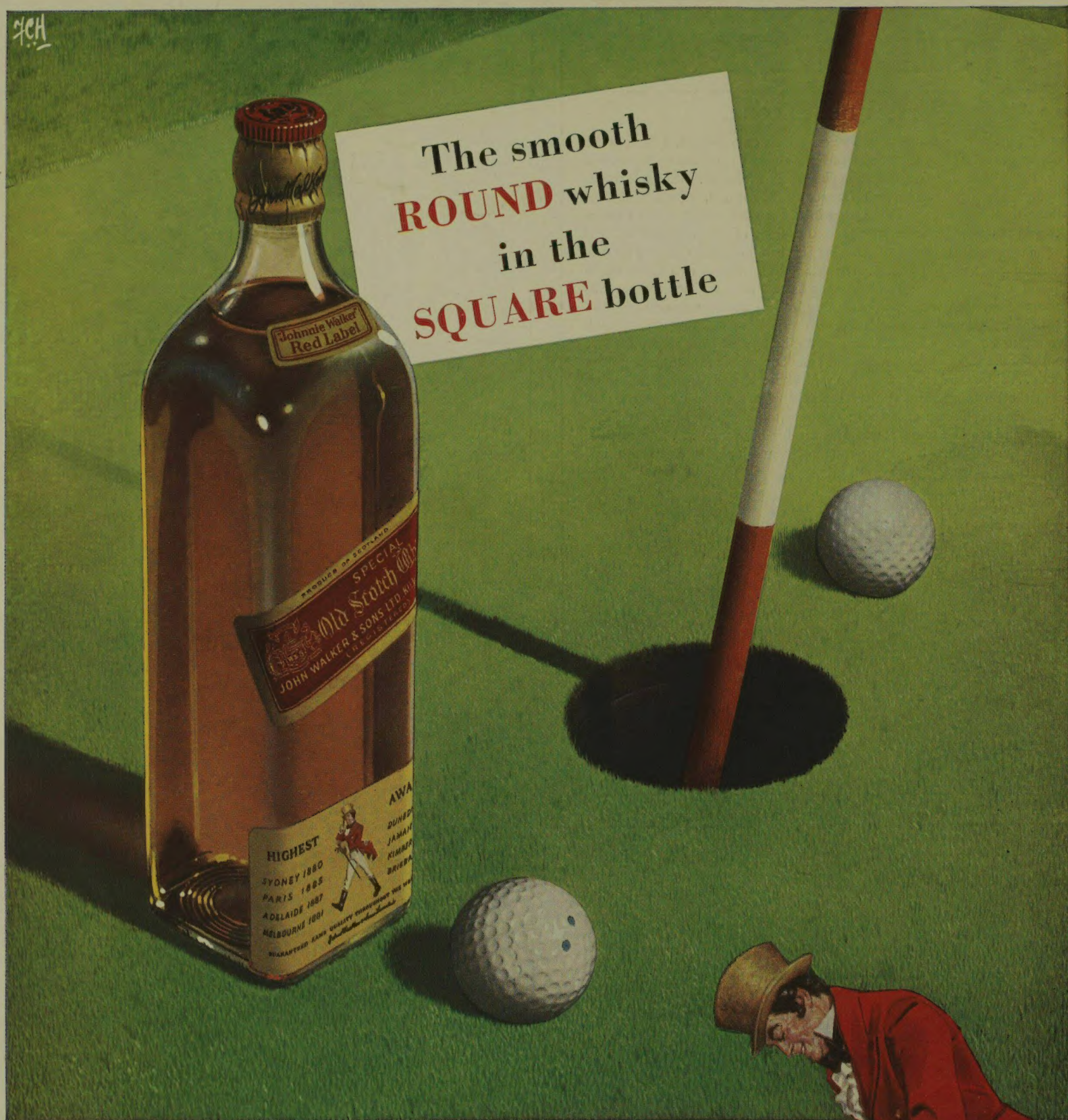
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